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OCTOBER 3, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 14

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

No other nation has contributed more to the shaping of American history and culture than Great Britain. In part because of this special relationship, no other foreign country has been featured as often on TIME's cover. This week, as part of TIME's 60th anniversary, an exhibition of its 233 covers on British personalities and events opens at the Royal Festival Hall in London. Titled "Britain 1923-1983: an American View," the exposition traces U.S. perspectives on the pomp, politics and art of our closest ally.

Among the covers displayed are 77 political figures, 31 members of royalty, 23 on the military, 60 writers, artists and entertainers. Others include Captain Illingworth, master of the *Queen Mary* (1947), and Racing Car Driver Jim Clark (1965). The first British subject to appear on TIME's cover (its sixth, in April 1923) was Polish-born Writer Joseph Conrad, a naturalized Briton. One week later Winston Churchill was on the first of his eight covers. Queen Elizabeth II, who has graced TIME's cover nine times, more than any of her countrymen, made her bow as a three-year-old toddler. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has been pictured six times, most recently after the general election last June.

Like other expositions of TIME covers, which have been held in such cities as Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Paris, the London exhibit provides a kaleidoscopic survey of 20th century magazine portraiture. TIME's early black-and-white covers gave way in the late 1920s to full-color photographs and a red border. Formal pen-and-ink drawings are followed in the 1960s and '70s by the Pop posters of Lichtenstein, the wicked caricatures of David Levine and the papier-mâché grotesques created by British Artist Gerald Scarfe (whose TIME covers include not only the Beatles but such non-British subjects as John Kenneth Galbraith and Nelson Rockefeller).

TERRY SMITH

Thatcher at 10 Downing Street with her covers

Most of the original art for the London exposition was lent back to TIME by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C. In 1978 TIME gave its covers to the gallery, and continues to add to this permanent collection. The royal family, which keeps three TIME cover portraits at Buckingham Palace (including two of the Queen), sent a painting of Princess Margaret featured in 1947 to the London show.

In an introduction to the London exhibit, Time Inc. Editor in Chief Henry Grunwald notes: "The cover story on an individual is an expression of TIME's belief that news and history are made by people and best told through them."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Françoise De Mulder

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Six hard facts about Pacific Telesis Group.

1

We're organized for tomorrow. On January 1, 1984, PacTel Group will be divested from AT&T. Reporting initially to this new holding company will be five subsidiaries designed to capitalize on the market potential of information age services: Pacific Bell and Nevada Bell, two strong telephone companies with over 75 years of experience; PacTel Communications Systems, which will be an innovative marketer of customer premises communications equipment; PacTel Publishing, which will publish Yellow Pages and other classified directories and (assuming any necessary court approvals) market a variety of publishing and advertising services; and PacTel Mobile Access, a specialist in the rapidly expanding field of mobile communications.

2

We're financially stronger today. In the last three years, Pacific has planned and executed a remarkable financial and operational turnaround.

Example: Revenues increased by $2 billion during the 1980-82 recession.

Example: At divestiture, Pacific's debt will be less than 47% of total capital.

Example: A $1.2 billion back tax liability has been largely eliminated.

Example: Total number of employees has been reduced from over 118,000 in 1981 to just under 100,000 today. And the number of access lines per employee has increased from 91 in 1981 to 107 today.

3

We're technologically advanced. In the past three years, Pacific has spent over $1.2 billion to modernize its network. A pioneer in fiber optics, the company is building in Los Angeles the most sophisticated metropolitan communications system in the world. To meet growing demands from business customers for faster, more reliable data transmission, Pacific has converted 60% of its interoffice trunking facilities to digital. The goal: 90% by 1992. The same holds true for switching facilities. Today, 51% are computer controlled; by 1988, 85% are projected to be; and by 1992, the projection is 99%. Other modernization efforts have greatly improved service while, at the same time, cutting costs.

4

We serve a dynamic, growing marketplace. Pacific Telesis Group will operate in the nation's premier marketplaces: California, the largest state and Nevada, the fastest growing state. PacTel Group will serve over 20 million people in this dynamic area. Last year, these consumers dialed 30 billion local calls and three and a half billion long distance calls. In the first six months of this year they ordered over 150,000 new access lines. But the story of this marketplace is more than one of just large volumes. With its concentration of high technology industries, universities and world-renowned research facilities, the market we serve is among the most sophisticated in the world.

5

We have a proven management team. Pacific Telesis Group will be managed by a strong, forward-thinking team, headed by Donald E. Guinn, Chairman and CEO. This is the same team that conceived and engineered Pacific's financial and technological turnaround of the last three years. They're in place now, they're ready for divestiture and on 1-1-84, they'll lead a $16 billion Pacific Telesis Group into the future.

6

We're committed to meeting the needs of investors. With divestiture, AT&T shareowners will become Pacific Telesis Group shareowners. PacTel Group will be customer and financially-focused, and its top management is committed to meeting the expectations of the company's new owners. For more information write: Michael McGreevy, 140 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California 94105.

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Donald T. Regan

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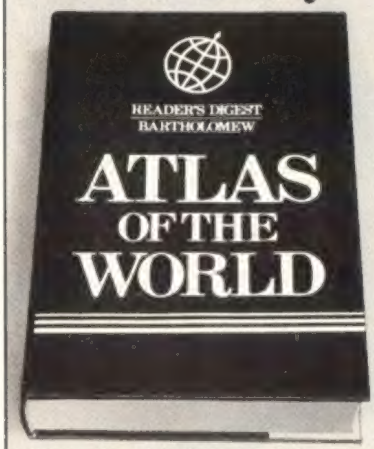

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Reader's Digest

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Letters

Death Flight

To the Editors:

In an era of sophisticated electronic-surveillance capabilities, it is ridiculous for the Soviet Union to accuse the U.S. of using a commercial airliner [Sept. 12] as a spy plane.

Leo V. Ring
Beverly, Mass.

Horror, yes! Surprise, no!

Howard W. Klippert
East Aurora, N.Y.

We can continue to debate whether it was Soviet bumbling or brutality that ultimately caused the Korean air massacre, but we cannot argue with or hide from its meaning: the Soviet Union is armed, dangerous and trigger-happy. It is time the civilized world recognized this fact and acted accordingly.

Ojars Kalnins
Chicago

The poor American citizen. Embarrassed by the gutless bravado of President Reagan and the wistful whimsy of nuclear freezers, he stands helpless before the latest lunge by the rabid misanthropes in the Kremlin.

John P. Taylor
Mission Viejo, Calif.

Even bearing in mind the extenuating factors that directed the judgment of the Soviet pilot to down the Korean passenger plane, one must still be appalled by the conscienceless response and by the inhuman and dehumanizing brutality of the system that conditioned him.

Violet S. Tartell
Durham, N.C.

The Soviet Union has firmly stated that in a war it would not be the first side to resort to nuclear weapons, but who believes the word of a nation that shoots down passenger airliners?

Tony Powell
Long Island City, N.Y.

We who live outside the direct Soviet sphere of influence profess to live in a civilized world. But the incident involves a cover-up on the part of the Korean and the U.S governments. Do not tell me pilot error caused the Korean airliner to enter Soviet airspace.

Jinsuk Tommy Oh
Cambridge, Mass.

Any Soviet fighter pilot who cannot accurately discriminate between a lumbering 747 passenger airliner and an enemy plane bent on harm should be ordered back to basic training for a refresher course in plane identification.

Don Kees
Moscow, Idaho

What killed 269 innocent people was hatred. Hatred between two political superpowers that, I fear, will never understand each other.

David Francis
Greenbrae, Calif.

Will the slaughter of Flight 007 deter any corporation or any nation from doing business as usual with the Soviet swine? I doubt it.

Thomas Berthold
Hollywood, Fla.

Rhubarbing over Ruburbia

Your Essay "Welcome to Ruburbia" [Sept. 12] has added a great new word to our language. In Washington County, Texas, an area about 80 miles from Houston, ruburbians have long been known as the "mink and manure set."

Stanley Shipnes
Northport, Mich.

Please not ruburbia! It suggests a place where the rubes rub against the urbs, and where rhubarb is grown and sold at roadside stands. A perfectly good term to describe that transitional, temporary zone of land-use clash between the rural and the suburban is exurban. This was coined by A.C. Spectorsky in his 1955 book *The Exurbanites* to describe such areas from New Canaan to Hopewell to New Hope. Exurbia, yes! Ruburbia, no way!

Ray O'Brien
Professor of Geography
Bucks County Community College
Newtown, Pa.

The Essay on ruburbia is insulting to Americans who live on farms and in small towns. If we moved to the cities and attempted to pass laws regulating the ways in which you earned your living, you might be antagonistic toward us.

We who live in the country sometimes own Cusinarts; we take our children to orthodontists and seek cardiac specialists when needed.

Helen L. Williams
Fond du Lac, Wis.

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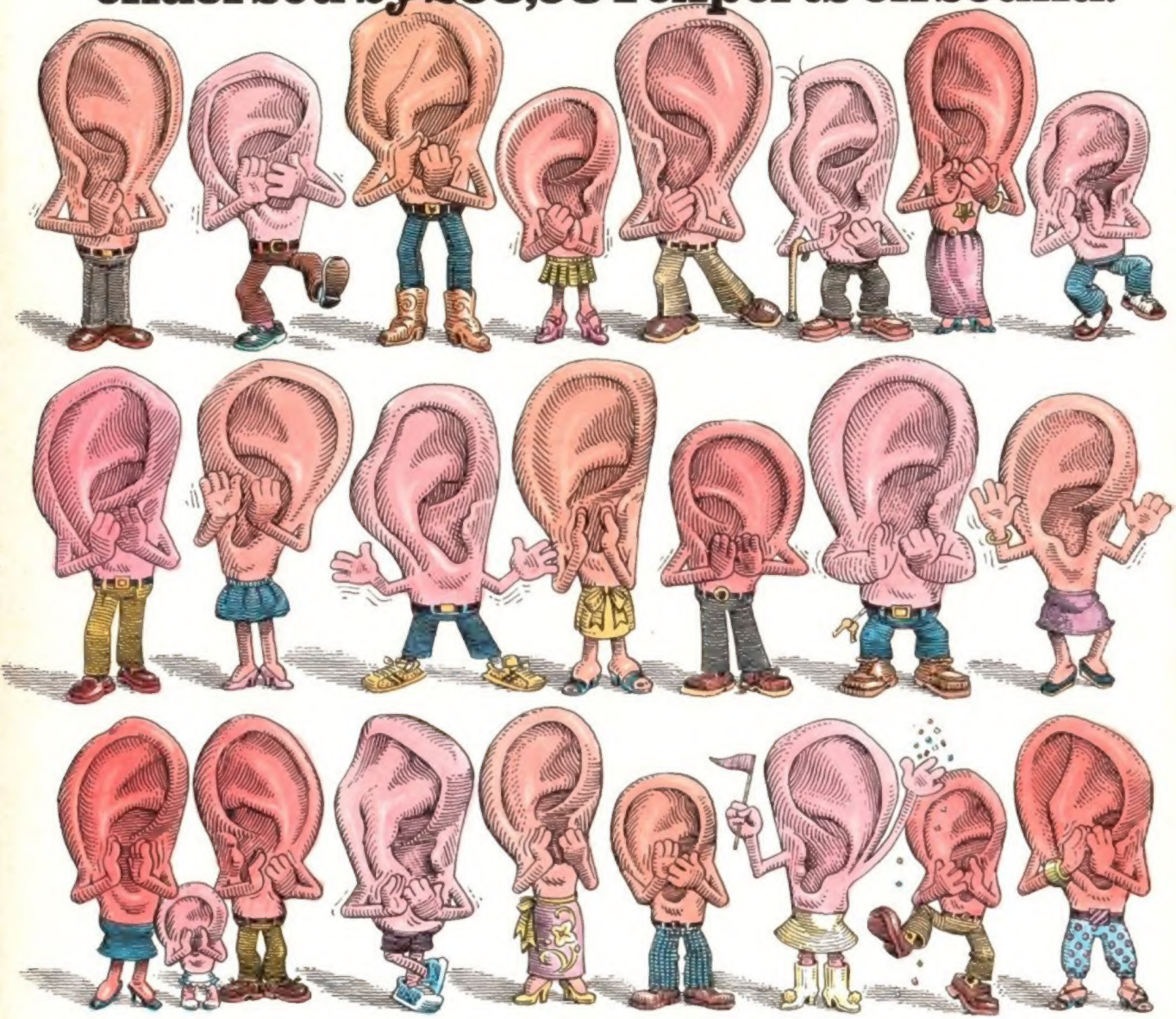

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Letters

Dog of War

It is outrageous that you could title an article on Syria and its President "The Proud Lion and His Den" [Sept. 5] when describing this barbaric police state and its ruthless dictator. Syria is the Soviet surrogate in the Middle East. Its goals include annexation of Lebanon, destruction of Israel and the toppling of pro-Western governments in the area.

The U.S. and the Western alliance are being tested severely in the Middle East by the Soviet Union and its mad dog without a leash, Syria. If it is successful in gobbling up Lebanon, Syria will beat America into a shameful retreat.

Douglas Miller
Miami Beach

With the exception of the Soviet Union, Syrian President Assad is the world's greatest deterrent to peace in the Middle East. His refusal to withdraw Syrian troops from Lebanon and his treatment of U.S. envoys put him in the same fanatical category as other dictators like Adolf Hitler.

Irvin Gassenheimer Jr.
Montgomery, Ala.

Combat Debate

Our military forces engaged in a so-called peace-keeping mission in Lebanon [Sept. 12] are sustaining direct attack and deaths. It is ironic that our political machine will go out of its way to stress that these are not combat deaths. Our Commander in Chief calls the families of these dead servicemen to offer condolences and stress how "proud" the nation is of them. Frankly, the nation is not proud.

The death of any American service person is a direct attack on our nation, our freedom and our way of life. Phone calls, rhetoric and fancy funerals cover up the fact that we are not being a force to reckon with.

Robert F. Savio
Sun Prairie, Wis.

Why is the big question should our Marines in Beirut shoot back to defend themselves? I ask: Why do we have our Marines over there? It seems we are going to have another Viet Nam. This is the way we started over there.

Ronald J. Soukiassian
Hollywood, Fla.

Cuisine Chewout

What is all the fuss about *la nuova cucina italiana* [Sept. 12] actually being French? Those of us who know about food are aware that French cooking is no more than Italian cooking improvised upon. Had it not been for Catherine de Medici, there would not be a French cuisine as we know it, *haute* or *nouvelle*.

Frank Caliendo
Melrose Park, Ill.

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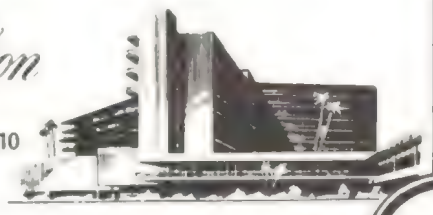

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Letters

Thank you for your tasty article "In Search of *La Nuova Cucina*." I would like to offer the subtitle *"La Monda Cucina à la Française."* I have often heard that some of the best restaurants in France are Italian. Perhaps this explains the superb and innovative marriage of these cuisines. If the critics who oppose this culinary evolution were more concerned with changes in their waistlines than in their palates, they might more readily accept this new cuisine.

Dale Pratt
Redondo Beach, Calif.

German Viewpoint

Your article "Making Hostility a Media Event" [Aug. 29] insinuates that *Der Spiegel* has depicted the U.S. "as a nation of knee-jerk militarists and simultaneously has managed to find the Soviets flexible and reasonable." To support this vague assertion, you quote *Der Spiegel* on Yuri Andropov: "He has clearly engaged himself for peace." This quote, which is taken from *Der Spiegel's* published, abridged version of *Andropov*, a book by Russian Author and Dissident Zhores Medvedev, who lives in London, presupposes an editorial opinion of our magazine. The complete quote reads: "Signals that he [Andropov] has given at the beginning of his tenure are contradictory, yet in foreign affairs he has already engaged himself quite clearly for world peace."

We found Medvedev's observations on Andropov's political career quite interesting. But he is not and never has been a member of our editorial staff.

Rudolf Augstein
Editor, Der Spiegel
Hamburg, West Germany

Electronic Watchdog

I question the intelligence of people who subscribe to a cable security service [Sept. 12] that has electronic access to their homes. I would rather do without my stereo, TV and camera gear than have Big Brother watching me watch him.

Susan P. Kincaid
Charlotte, N.C.

While billions are spent on defense overkill—more weapons than could ever be needed—we seem to have completely lost control of crime and the conditions that breed it. When Americans see fit to wall in their residential areas and pay to transform their loving pets into vicious guard dogs, our plight is tragic indeed.

Helen Tierney
Carmel, N.Y.

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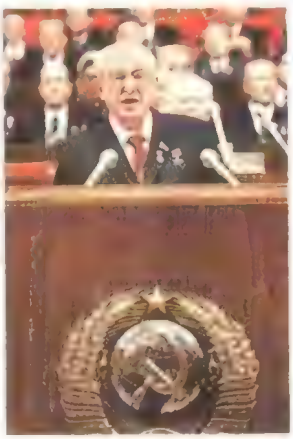
TIME/ OCTOBER 3, 1983

Moving Back To Square One

Reagan and Andropov joust over arms control

The shadow of Flight 007 still darkens relations between the two superpowers, but last week both Ronald Reagan and Yuri Andropov shifted their attention to a matter of far more compelling urgency and long-run significance: the menace of nuclear weapons in Europe.

Despite the Soviet Union's egregious act of brutality in the Asian skies, the current session of talks on Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF) got under way a scant five days after the 269 people aboard the Korean Air Lines jet were killed by Soviet missiles. With good reason: if Soviet and American negotiators do not reach agreement by the end of the year, the U.S. and NATO plan to counter the Soviet SS-20 missiles targeted at Western Europe with an equally formidable array of Pershing II and cruise missiles. And so far, discouragingly little progress has been made in the 22 months since the inception of the INF parleys.



Andropov speaking in Moscow

While the shooting down of the aircraft had set back the Soviet Union's "peace offensive" in Europe, Reagan was still under pressure from NATO allies to show more flexibility in the INF talks. He ordered his arms-control negotiators to place a new offer on the table and planned to describe it in an address to the United Nations General Assembly early this week. In a visit to Voice of America headquarters, Reagan turned his usual Saturday radio broadcast into an unusual worldwide pitch for his arms-control proposals. His words were beamed into Asia, Europe and Africa and were to be translated into 42 languages.

Andropov, on the other hand, warned legislators in Bonn against the planned NATO missile deployment in West Germany, arguing, "You do not want the threat of war to emanate from the territory of your country, a war that would be a hell for the whole of mankind." Communist Party officials from Soviet-bloc nations were summoned to Moscow for a conference on ways to prevent the Pershing II and cruise deployment.

Tensions between the superpowers, at the same time, were mounting over the Middle East. With U.S. Marines still under fire from Druze rebels and Syrian guns in the hills above Beirut, American warships grew more active in supporting the Lebanese government's beleaguered forces (*see* WORLD). Both Reagan and Secretary of State George Shultz accused the Soviets of being involved in Syria's largely successful attempts to frustrate international peace-keeping efforts in the faction-torn nation. Said a White House official: "We've seen a significantly increased likelihood of a U.S.-Soviet military confrontation in the Middle East. We are watching the situation carefully."

Friction over arms control, however, posed an even greater long-term threat to any improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations. The two rivals not only eyed each other across the INF bargaining table but were engaged in a stretch drive to win the support of uneasy Europeans, especially in West Germany. The first nine of a planned force of 108 Pershing II missiles are to be deployed in West Germany on a still undisclosed date in December. Peace groups have scheduled massive demonstrations against the deployment for Oct. 22 in Hamburg, Bonn, Stuttgart and West Berlin.

While the Administration would not provide full details on the new U.S. offer in the INF talks, arms-control sources describe it as a modified "walk-in-the-woods" proposal. That is a reference to the deal worked out by Negotiators Paul Nitze of the U.S. and Yuli Kvitsinsky of the U.S.S.R. during a stroll in the Jura Mountains near Geneva in July 1982. At that time the two agreed that each side could have 75 launchers in Europe. The Soviet force would be made up of three-warhead SS-20s, while the U.S. would deploy the same number of cruise launchers, each with four single-warhead missiles. The U.S. advantage in warheads (300 to 225) was intended to compensate for the inferiority of the subsonic, jet-powered cruise, which would take several hours to reach Soviet territory, compared with the SS-20 ballistic missiles, which fly at supersonic speeds.

Looking beyond, but not forgetting, Flight 007:

This plan involved two key concessions. The Soviets would be required actually to destroy 168 of their 243 SS-20s aimed at European targets; otherwise these missiles could be redeployed in Asia, threatening China and Japan, or simply stashed east of the Ural Mountains and returned to their current sites in a crisis. The big U.S. concession was to forgo deployment of the single-warhead Pershing II, which is feared by the Soviets because, launched from West Germany, it could knock out their key command and communications centers in less than 20 minutes.

Nitze, who did not have clear authority to strike such a bargain, discovered that the Pentagon was sharply opposed to abandoning the Pershing II. Moscow also rejected the formula.

West European diplomats have been pressing Washington to revive the Nitze-Kvitsinsky proposals. Reagan, who stayed too long with his opening gambit—

Reagan at Columbia, S.C., dinner to raise campaign funds for the re-election of Republican Senator Strom Thurmond

the so-called zero option, under which the U.S. would cancel its planned European deployment if the Soviets eliminated their entire arsenal of SS-20s—finally offered last March to accept "an equal level" of intermediate missiles "on a global basis." That would place Soviet SS-20s in Asia, as well as in Europe, under an overall limit. The U.S. did not suggest a specific ceiling, leaving that to the Soviets, who predictably refused to dignify the proposal with any numbers of their own. Andropov, meanwhile, offered to "liquidate" 81 SS-20s aimed at European targets, but insisted on keeping 162 of them, the precise number of missiles maintained by Britain and France. The U.S. under Andropov's plan would have to cancel both its Pershing II and cruise deployments.

The newest U.S. proposal is a retreat from insistence that the mobile SS-20s in Asia be treated in exactly the same way as SS-20s in Europe under a so-called global ceiling. Now the U.S. is proposing "regional limitations" for Europe and Asia. In practice, that would mean the Soviets could keep more weapons in Asia. The U.S., in turn, would have the right to keep extra weapons of its own in reserve for quick transfer to Europe in a crisis. For the first time, the Administration reportedly is willing to accept some limitations on forward-based aircraft capable of carrying nuclear weapons, as long demanded by Soviet negotiators. This apparently would affect the American F-111 and Soviet Backfire bombers.

At least as revealed so far, the new Reagan proposal seems more a modification of his March offer than a revival of the walk-in-the-woods plan. The initial reaction by Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, Soviet Chief of Staff, was frosty. He charged that the Reagan Administration was "stubbornly trying to deploy its new Pershings and cruise missiles in Western Europe as the means for a nuclear first strike." TASS claimed that the whole plan "strongly smells of the old, odious pseudo-zero option." U.S. negotiators have placed the proposal formally on the table in Geneva.

Nitze and Kvitsinsky in Geneva

While overshadowed by the imminent deadlines in the INF negotiations, the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) are scheduled to resume next week in Geneva. These discussions seem equally stalemated, although Chief U.S. Negotiator Edward Rowny last week told editors of the Washington *Post* that a framework agreement could possibly be reached late this year. Other Washington arms-control experts could find no basis for Rowny's optimism.

Actually, not even Rowny is certain what proposals he will carry to the table in Geneva, since the Administration is still divided on its approach. The Pentagon is insisting that the throw-weight of Soviet intercontinental missiles must be curbed. The State Department wants to concentrate instead on reducing the number of Soviet missile launchers and warheads. The Soviets, on the other hand, are demanding crippling restrictions on long-range U.S. cruise missiles.

Even a breakthrough in Geneva might get a chilly reception on Capitol Hill, where anti-Soviet feeling is running high because of the downing of the Korean airliner. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted last week to oppose a resolution supporting a mutual, verifiable freeze on the production and deployment of nuclear weapons. The resolution had

been passed by the House last May by a vote of 278 to 149. The Senate committee, divided along party lines, disapproved the resolution, 10 to 7. But instead of killing it outright, the committee sent it to the Senate floor with the recommendation that it be rejected.

The most surprising fallout from Flight 007 occurred after the Governors of New York and New Jersey took it upon themselves to make foreign policy. They announced that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko could not land in his special Aeroflot plane at Newark or Kennedy international airports to attend the convening of the United Nations General Assembly. Although Gromyko could have touched down at a nearby U.S. military airport, as the State Department proposed, he chose to consider the ban an official insult and canceled his trip, thereby escaping the censure that would surely have been heaped on him at the U.N. for the jetliner calamity. While the ban did seem to violate a "host country" agreement that the U.S. could put "no impediment" in the way of diplomats traveling to attend U.N. functions, the State Department raised no objection.

When Soviet Delegate Igor Yakovlev spoke up early this week at the U.N. to complain about the flight restrictions, U.S. Delegate Charles Lichenstein, a former public-broadcasting official and ghost writer of Richard Nixon's *Six Crises*, got fed up. Sarcastically, he assured Yakovlev that Gromyko's plane could land at a U.S. military airfield, and that "we will not shoot it down, even if it should inadvertently stray from its flight path." Then Lichenstein tartly added: "Should the Soviet delegate or the representative of any other delegation feel that the United Nations should get out of the United States, my Government will put no impediment in your way. The members of the U.S. mission will be at dockside waving you a fond farewell as you set off into the sunset." His outburst touched off a lively debate about the future of the U.N. *(see following story)*.

A Pershing II missile before test flight

Clearly, the Soviet attack on the airliner had disrupted the normal diplomacy between the superpowers. Still, U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick, a hard-liner on Soviet issues, saw no necessary long-term impact on U.S.-Soviet relations. "The shooting down by the Soviets was not a bilateral U.S.-Soviet issue," she contended. "It was not an East-West issue. There was very widespread shock in the world about it, but that is something that involves Soviet relations with a great many countries."

Perhaps so. The Administration's renewed concentration on arms control negotiations was prudent and timely. But the downing of Flight 007, with so many innocent civilians of so many nations blasted cold-bloodedly into the Sea of Japan, stirred highly personal feelings that seemed likely to persist. Not even the professional arms negotiators meeting across tables in Geneva, much less their superiors back home, could be totally immune to those emotions. ***—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Strobe Talbott/Washington, with other bureaus***

Race for the Black Box

The U.S. sailors crisscrossing the northern reaches of the Sea of Japan last week had a name for the risky face-offs: "chicken of the sea." The seamen were aboard a seven-ship U.S. task force that was systematically sweeping a 350-sq.-mi. area of the cold, choppy international waters slightly more than twelve miles from the Soviet Union's Moneron Island and 100 miles northeast of Japan. Hard by the U.S. ships—and sometimes directly under their bows—was a fleet of as many as 40 Soviet vessels, including a missile cruiser, oceanographic ships, trawlers and specialized salvage ships. Both sides were frantically searching for a prize that could unlock some of the mysteries of the last ghastly minutes of Korean Air Lines Flight 007: the "black box" flight- and voice-recording devices that were stored in the tail assembly of the Boeing 747 airliner. Said a U.S. official in Washington: "There is one helluva race going on out there."

At stake is information that may shed light on the question of why the doomed 747 strayed so disastrously into Soviet territory, and also on the bitter U.S.-Soviet quarrel over who was at fault. The two black boxes—actually, they are bright orange—are small (5 in. by 9 in. by 15 in.) but heavily armored to withstand explosion, heat and pressure. Their tapes of conversations in the airliner's cockpit could show whether the crew had any warning before a Soviet Su-15 interceptor knocked Flight 007 out of the sky, killing all 269 aboard. For the U.S., retrieval of the boxes could mean the opportunity to strengthen the Reagan Administration's case about the brutality of the incident. The U.S. fears that if the Soviets find the recorders, they will alter or destroy the information in them.

Using special underwater electronic location devices, sonar and TV-equipped, deep-diving, remote-controlled submersible craft, the two main U.S. search vessels, the U.S.N.S. *Narragansett* and the U.S.S. *Conserver*, at times seemed tantalizingly close to their targets. At least twice the ships picked up the distinctive "ping" of special electronic signaling devices within the boxes, which are audible up to five miles under water. The sounds were coming from a depth of about 2,500 ft. Each time, contact was lost.

For their part, the Soviets at one point assembled a dozen fishing and naval auxiliary vessels and apparently tried a concerted sweep of the ocean floor in the search area, using some kind of trawling gear. They were not observed to bring up anything. Nonetheless, the Soviets told Japan that they had "documents and articles" from Flight 007 that they will turn over to the Japanese this week.

The Soviets also tried harassment. Several times during last week's hunt, smaller Soviet vessels dashed at one of the searching U.S. ships, sometimes stopping dead in the water directly in front of it. At other times, Soviet ships would run closely parallel to the U.S. vessels, using the sounds of their engines and propellers to drown out reception from the U.S. underwater listening gear. The U.S. task force commander, Rear Admiral William A. Cockell Jr., told TIME's Tokyo bureau chief Edwin Reingold, "In some cases our ships have had to back off." When they did, their search patterns were spoiled.

The Soviet tactics violated longstanding conventions that over the years the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. had agreed upon to avoid accidental clashes on the high seas. (Among the "rules": never train guns on the other country's ships or send warplanes directly overhead.) The U.S. Government finally launched a protest to the Soviets over the "continuing instances where U.S. ships have maneuvered to avoid potentially hazardous navigational situations." The game of chicken then ceased, or at least abated for a time.

Meanwhile, another race was also afoot, this one against time. The batteries powering the signaling devices in the black boxes are good for only 30 days. If the recorders are not found by the end of the month, they and the possible secrets they hold will probably remain lost forever.

Threatening to Say Goodbye

Some U.S. officials send a most unhostly message to the U.N.

It was a case of the right hand not knowing what the left was doing. Or maybe the problem was that neither hand knew what it was doing at all. First came U.S. Delegate Charles Lichenstein's inflammatory suggestion last week, during the flap over Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko's canceled visit, that delegates unhappy with a U.S.-based United Nations should consider moving the organization's headquarters elsewhere. Startled White House aides tried to douse that fire by saying that Lichenstein's views were purely "personal." Then U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick sprinkled some kerosene on the blaze. Let the U.N. deliberate for six months of each year in the U.S., she proposed, but give delegates a taste of Soviet life by moving them to Moscow for the other six. That controversial notion she quickly disowned as "academic" speculation.

Lichenstein

ALPHA-HELIOS

The problem, complained a high Reagan Administration aide, was that "no one bothered to ask the President what he thinks." One reporter finally did. Well, replied Reagan, it just so happened that he agreed with both officials. "Most people in America," he hazarded, shared the sentiment that "we aren't asking anyone to leave, but if they choose to leave, goodbye." As for a six-month stint in Moscow for the diplomats, "It would give them an opportunity to see two ways of life."

Reagan clearly relished delivering such a blunt reminder of the dim view he takes of the U.N.'s frequent impotence in international crises and its often hypocritical denunciations of U.S. policies. It was equally clear, however, that he had no immediate intention of moving beyond rhetoric to any concrete steps that would press the organization to relocate. But his remarks, only days before he was scheduled to address the U.N. General Assembly this week, touched off tremors about the U.N.'s future. After 31 years overlooking Manhattan's East River, the 158 delegations to the U.N. were pondering how much longer they would—or should—enjoy the view.

Controversy over the location of the U.N. is as old as the institution. In the aftermath of World War II, the Allies haggled for months before choosing the U.S., partly to assure American support. Ever since the soaring, book-shaped glass and steel headquarters opened for business in New York in 1952, diplomats have been complaining: about the city's dirt, crime, traffic and high housing costs. In June, the Soviet Union formally objected that the U.S. had failed to halt thousands of obscene phone calls to its mission.

If the U.N. membership were to choose—or be asked—to find a new home, one place it assuredly would not go is the Soviet Union. Despite the Soviets' complaints about the way the U.S. fulfills its responsibilities as host country, they are not about to accept an influx of affluent and inquisitive foreigners who could "contaminate" the natives. Besides, says one top British official, "administratively, it would be a nightmare, and security-wise, worse still."

Despite the fact that most of the U.N. member countries are considered "underdeveloped," few delegates seriously advocate relocating in the Third World. One location mentioned by diplomats is neutral Sweden, but Stockholm has no room for a sprawling headquarters. Another possibility is Austria, which regards itself as a neutral bridge between East and West. Vienna already houses such U.N. offshoots as the International Atomic Energy Agency. Although they deny it publicly, Austrian diplomats are said to be lobbying quietly to win a bigger U.N. role.

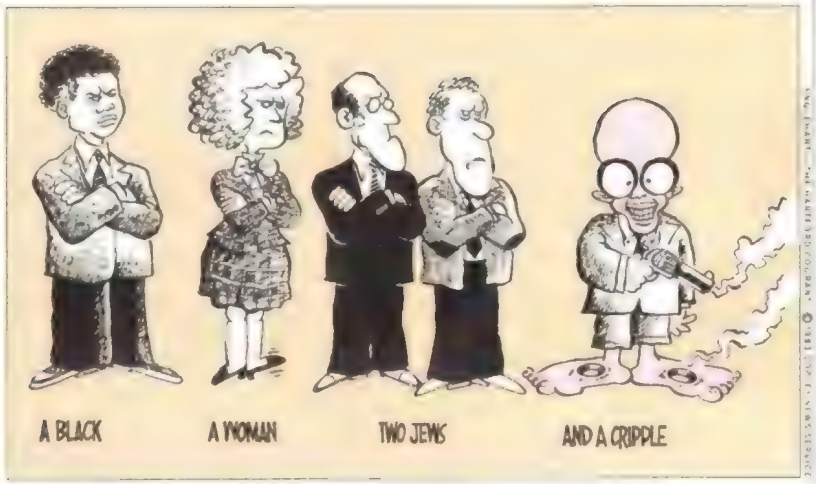
The absence of alternatives is one reason U.N. delegations are in no hurry to leave. Another is the allure of New York, a city at the center of world trade, banking, culture and communications. Says Japanese Diplomat Toshiro Shimonouchi: "It has everything—Broadway, shopping, marvelous places to eat, a cosmopolitan atmosphere. The U.S. is so heterogeneous that it is easy for everybody to feel comfortable." East-bloc and Third World officials snap up Western goods like videotape recorders, and enjoy the nightclubs and other forms of Western "decadence" unavailable at home. Most delegates, says a French diplomat, would not want the U.N. to move "for anything in the world."

For its part, the U.S. has good economic reasons for wanting the U.N. to stay. While New Yorkers grow livid at the perks of diplomatic immunity—each year 70,000 parking tickets go unpaid, and foreign missions are exempted from real estate taxes that would total $50 million—the city reaps a net profit of about $700 million annually from the U.N. presence, on everything from hotel rooms to theater tickets. The U.S. pays only half that amount in U.N. assessments.* Says Gillian Sorensen, New York City commissioner for the U.N.: "It would make no more sense to take the U.N. out of New York than to take the Vatican out of Rome."

By breezily suggesting that the U.N. was free to move, Reagan raised fears that the U.S. was rethinking its vital financial and philosophic support. These doubts were reinforced when the Senate, spurred by Reagan's comments, voted to cut the U.S. contribution to the U.N.'s operating budget by nearly $500 million over the next four years; the House is unlikely to go along. Even the White House strongly objected to the move, saying that it would "damage U.S. interests." Having registered their frustration, the Administration and Congress should remember that the U.N., for all its faults, performs a crucial role as an international grievance center. "The loss of New York would mark the beginning of the end of U.S. participation in that international body," warns Austrian Foreign Minister Erwin Lanc. "And the U.N. can only be powerful if the two superpowers are part of it." ***—By Ken Banta. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York, with other bureaus***

*While the U.S. contribution of $350 million accounts for a quarter of the U.N. budget, 13 other countries make higher per-capita payments: Qatar, Kuwait, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, United Arab Emirates, The Netherlands, Saudi Arabia, Canada, Libya, Finland, Belgium and New Zealand

. . . So I says to dat Gromyko, "Get outta da cab—I ain't drivin' ya to no U.N.!" An' ya know what? Da jerk smiled. So I goes home an' pours all da Stolichnaya down da sink. Us Noo Yoikers knows how to handle dem bums . . .'



There He Goes Again

Watt's latest blunder may cost him his job

Most political figures try to avoid controversy. Some have controversy thrust upon them. But Interior Secretary James G. Watt does things differently. He thrusts himself upon controversy with the fervor of an ancient Roman hurling himself on his own sword.

The zealous Westerner impaled himself again last week, in a way that drew angry stirrings from Congress and renewed pressure for Watt's resignation. The occasion was a breakfast meeting of some 200 U.S. Chamber of Commerce lobbyists in Washington, D.C. Watt was talking about a five-member commission that he had appointed at congressional behest to review Interior's much debated program of coal leasing on public lands, which has been called a multimillion-dollar giveaway at taxpayers' expense. Watt may have meant to extol his choice of commissioners, but what came out was something else. The panel, he said, had "every kind of mix you can have. I have a black, I have a woman, two Jews and a cripple." And, the Secretary added, "we have talent."

Some of the lobbyists laughed aloud, but many greeted the remark with stony silence. Afterward, Panel Member Donald C. Alexander, a former Internal Revenue Service commissioner, called Watt's remark "inappropriate and irrelevant. Since I can't fit into the category dealing with religion, and I'm not black and not a woman, that leaves only one group, and I don't feel I should be left out. I think the Secretary might have thought I'm mentally handicapped."

Commission Member Richard L. Gordon, a professor at Pennsylvania State University who is Jewish and has a paralyzed right arm, said he was "disturbed" by Watt's remarks. Panelist Julia Walsh, a Washington investment counselor, said she resented the implication "that I am the token woman." David Linowes, a Jew and a professor of economics at the University of Illinois, and Andrew Brimmer, a black and a former member of the Federal Reserve Board, called Watt's remarks "unfortunate."

Watt was soon issuing apologies all around, including a fairly abject one to President Reagan. "I have made a mistake, Mr. President," Watt wrote, "and I ask the forgiveness of those on the commission as well as you." Watt said his remarks were "extraordinarily unfair" to Reagan, whose policies "are designed to lift the scourge of discrimination from our midst." That may have been Watt's belated recognition that he had not helped the White House in its current campaign to curry favor among women and minorities.

An endangered species?

Watt's off-the-cuff zingers have been a frequent source of pain for the Reagan Administration—not to mention those who have been at the receiving end of them. Unabashedly, indeed excessively, partisan in his politics, Watt has been known to distinguish between Democrats and Republicans as "liberals and Americans." He has compared environmentalists to the forces that created Nazism in Germany. Last year Watt provoked a furor of almost international dimensions after he wrote a letter to then Israeli Ambassador to the U.S. Moshe Arens. Watt deplored the possibility that "liberals of the Jewish community" might oppose his program for offshore oil drilling. Many American Jewish leaders read that as a veiled threat to try to cut off aid to Israel unless they toed Watt's drilling line. The Secretary later apologized.

This year, American Indians were outraged after Watt called their reservations, afflicted with high rates of unemployment, drug abuse and alcoholism, examples of "the failure of socialism." Watt apologized. In April, even Nancy Reagan was miffed after Watt banned the Beach Boys from July 4 celebrations at the Mall in Washington, D.C., on the ground that they attracted "an undesirable element." For that gaffe, Reagan awarded Watt a cast statuette of a foot with a hole shot in it. Again, Watt apologized.

Republicans usually have found reasons to excuse Watt's verbal pyrotechnics, or at least let them pass. But this time, some were not so forgiving. Seven G.O.P. Senators joined longstanding Democratic calls for Watt's resignation. A motion to that effect almost reached a vote on the Senate floor before Senate Majority Leader Howard H. Baker Jr. got wind of the attempt and hastily gaveled the session into recess. Nonetheless, said Republican Rudy Boschwitz of Minnesota, "these last remarks have pushed me over the edge."

So far, the President has shown no sign that he is giving up on Watt. White House Spokesman Larry Speakes said Reagan found Watt's comment "embarrassing" but accepted his apology. The President is loyal—to a fault, say some of his aides—to those who are loyal to him; Watt has definitely been that. There may also be a tactical reason for Reagan's tolerance for his ill-spoken Interior Secretary. As the Administration has taken increasingly centrist positions, Watt has provided a kind of ideological protection for Reagan's right flank.

The famous Reagan tolerance, however, does not in this case extend to all members of the family. In California, the President's daughter Maureen, an adviser to the G.O.P. and the White House on women's issues, complained that during his tenure Watt has sent "enough apologies to the President to paper the wall. Why doesn't he just send his resignation?" That, she said, was what someone "truly loyal" to Ronald Reagan would do.

As the furor grew, Watt, as usual, was hoping it would all blow over. "He's been hurt by this," said an aide, "but not mortally—at least for now." As Watt likes to put it: "When my liabilities outweigh my strengths, I should go." After his latest blunder, the scales may have tipped. ***—By George Russell. Reported by Jay Branegan and Caroline Mooney/Washington***

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4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality (0 to 50 points), relevance to the theme (0 to 40 points), composition (0 to 20 points), photographic technique (0 to 10 points). Winners will be selected under the supervision of National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this contest. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Prizes are not transferable or exchangeable. Only one prize to an individual or family.
5. All entries become the property of The Paddington Corporation with all rights, including the right to edit, publish and use any photo without further consideration of payment to the contestant. No correspondence about entries will be entered into, nor will photos be acknowledged or returned.
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Over a Barrel

Ready for oil shock?

A decade after the Arab oil embargo caused panic at the nation's gas pumps and sent the price of oil soaring from $3 per bbl. to more than $20, U.S. reliance on imported oil has scarcely dropped.

In late 1973, when the five-month embargo began as a direct result of the October War, oil imports totaled 36% of U.S. consumption, or 6.2 million bbl. per day; last August, imports reached 35.7%, or 5.97 million bbl. How would the nation fare today if Arab leaders deliberately turned off the tap, or if the fields were damaged, or if some other unpredictable trauma occurred? Many experts share the view of Henry Schuler, who directs energy and security studies at Georgetown University. Says he: "I don't think we're better off at all."

That may strike consumers as too gloomy a view, since the world is currently awash in a glut of oil that, according to some experts, may continue for a decade or more. The 1973 embargo and the 1979 supply interruption that followed the Iranian revolution helped spur reductions in demand and a spate of conservation measures. Despite a decade's growth in population, total domestic oil consumption today (15 million bbl. per day) is even lower than the level of 1973, an achievement not anticipated then. Autos made by the big three domestic manufacturers averaged roughly 12 m.p.g. in 1973; today, that figure is closer to 24 (still short of the Government's target for 1983 of 26). In 1973, the U.S. relied on OPEC for 48% of its imports; today, only 30% of the nation's imported oil comes from OPEC.

Even so, the U.S. continues to draw on nonrenewable fuels (petroleum, gas and coal) for 90% of its energy needs, not much below the 94% of 1973. The price and supply of oil worldwide remain very delicately balanced. Despite a frenzy of oilfield drilling set loose by oil decontrol, domestic production has actually slipped to 8.65 million bbl. daily, compared with 9.2 million in 1973. Now 30% more coal is being burned, but production of domestic natural gas declined by 18% in the decade. After six years, Washington's planned strategic petroleum reserve of 750 million bbl., which equals 90 days of oil imports, is only 44% filled.

Last week the Energy Subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee, chaired by Oklahoma Democrat Mike Synar, hotly debated whether the Reagan Administration has made, or intends to make, adequate plans for a future oil shock. At issue was a "what if" exercise conducted over an eight-week period this spring by the International Energy Agency (IEA), a 21-nation group created to coordinate worldwide responses to future oil crises. The high-stakes exercise began with a simulated telegram sent by the IEA secretariat in Paris announcing that 8 million bbl. daily had vanished from world pipelines. Reason: a hypothetical blockage of the Strait of Hormuz (not too farfetched in light of the three-year-old Iran-Iraq war) and sabotage of Nigerian oil facilities.

To the dismay of most participants, during the hypothetical crisis the U.S. Energy Department did not move to control supplies or limit the price of oil. As a result, U.S. oil prices zoomed to a theoretical $98 per bbl., with gasoline priced at $2.83 per gal. As Wisconsin Energy Administrator Roy Christianson recalls: "The Feds didn't seem to be concerned, or want to deal with it." During the game, Wisconsin energy officials telexed Washington: "We hope it will not take the economic collapse of one of these cities . . . before the Administration realizes that its [noninterventionist] policies have failed and must be changed." Also miffed were Europeans, whose governments plan to allocate oil during a crisis, rather than trusting in the free-market approach the Reagan Administration prefers. Said one Dutch official: "The whole idea is to keep emergencies from resulting in vastly higher oil prices. That can't work if the other 20 countries are trying to hold down prices and the U.S. allows the price to go through the ceiling."

Pedaling past empty gas pumps in 1973
"The Feds didn't want to deal with it."

A second study, completed in March by the Congressional Research Service, confirmed that the "ceiling" could go as high as $130 per bbl. in a crisis. If one had erupted in 1982, the study concluded, the gross national product of Western nations would have dipped by an additional 8%.

Reagan officials sought to deflect criticism by pointing out that the exercise made several unrealistic assumptions, especially underestimating the U.S. strategic reserve. Besides, insisted William Vaughan, Assistant Secretary for Emergency Preparedness, past evidence shows that Government interference only makes things worse. Many experts believe the 1973 shortages were caused by federal price controls and allocation policies then in effect.

The test was artificial in another way: major oil companies readily moved their fuel supplies "on paper," as directed by the IEA, but they disregarded regional differences in oil prices and profits. Yet U.S. oil executives have repeatedly argued that for competitive reasons free movement to all regions will not happen during a crisis, unless the Government devises a plan to ensure fair sharing.

However upsetting, the IEA exercise undoubtedly served as a reminder that while the U.S. may be in substantially better shape today to deal with an oil boycott or cutoff, more planning must be done to ensure balanced distribution of reserves and to meet emergency needs for fuel. It also reminded state officials that they cannot leave all that to the Federal Government. Said Christianson: "We've learned that it is very important for the states to have their own internal plans." Warned Eli Bergman, executive director of Americans for Energy Independence, a public interest group: "We simply do not have an emergency preparedness system. Today's stark reality is that if an emergency occurred tomorrow, there would be chaos." —*By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington, with other bureaus*

Poor Thinking

Not a black and white matter

Children who grow up in welfare families are likely to end up on welfare themselves as adults. Correct? Not according to a University of Michigan study of 1,391 young welfare-dependent Americans during a 14-year period beginning in 1968. Says Economist Martha S. Hill, the study's primary researcher: "The results certainly make you question the stereotype."

Hill and nine other social scientists analyzed the generational effects of poverty and discovered that 57% of children from poor families, both black and white, did not remain impoverished after leaving home. Although some do end up on the welfare rolls later, Hill found "that's not the most likely occurrence."

Among the group studied, blacks were eight times as likely as whites to have been raised in welfare families. But, said the study, "blacks from welfare-dependent families were no more likely to become welfare dependent than similar blacks from families who had never received welfare." Poverty, Hill suggests, is not necessarily, and indeed not usually, transmitted by parents. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Too Close to See Clearly

The longest-running story from Washington in the past two years has been about the problems of Ronald Reagan's White House staff and Cabinet. The trials and tribulations of Meese-Deaver-Baker and Shultz-Clark-Weinberger have probably been covered as thoroughly as any specific issue of the economy or national security. The story keeps replaying day after day like a bad soap opera. Through it all has been the not-too-faint suggestion of an Executive structure stalled and befuddled by ignorance or enmity and always on the brink of explosion or collapse.

Political scientists meeting in Chicago recently disagreed. Their rather startling conclusions were reported by the Washington *Post's* David Broder: "Papers and panels at the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association draw a picture of a Reagan White House with notably high levels of policy agreement, staff coordination and political acumen."

There has been something terribly wrong about the staff story if these scholars are correct, or even partly so. The political scientists made it clear that none of these studies indicate that Reagan's presidency will be considered successful when all is said and done. Some of the experts took pains to point out their lack of sympathy for Reagan's politics and policies. What they said was that Reagan's Executive apparatus has worked well for him.

DAVID HUME KENNERLY

The big four: Clark, Deaver, Baker and Meese

Rutgers University's Charles E. Jacob credited Reagan with creating "revolutionary change" in economic areas. Michael E. Kraft of the University of Wisconsin–Green Bay and Norman J. Vig of Carleton College noted that Reagan's changes in environmental policy, whether good or bad, had discredited those who believed the American presidency had become a powerless relic. Other professors found that Reagan had created "a sense in the country that he is addressing fundamental historical questions," thus giving his Administration cohesion; that there is 50% more internal communication in Reagan's White House than there was in Jimmy Carter's; that "we should not be lulled by Reagan's inattentiveness to detail and nuances . . . As President, Reagan has imposed exceptional discipline on his Administration."

Without attempting to, the political scientists diagnosed a classic perversity of Washington. The dialogue and mood of the capital are often controlled by the 50,000 men and women who work as lobbyists, legislative aides and journalists. They are nurtured, entertained, and often guided by trivial events and gossip. Many of the 15,000 lobbyists get paid on the basis of their access to White House staff and congressional leaders; every scrap of capital intelligence has outsize value to them. The Congress is now freighted with 20,000 employees, many of whom spend their time plotting how to help or thwart the Administration. The 15,000 Washington journalists feed off these 35,000 sources and frequently mistake their priorities for those of the country at large.

Given the same scrutiny as the White House, virtually any human organization—corporate, academic or governmental—would often appear incapable of functioning. Yet the country goes on, and so does the White House. The more important part of leadership, as the political scientists point out, consists of articulating and advocating broad goals. This Reagan has done, despite staff arguments and upheavals.

In the past few months the networks have quietly begun to de-emphasize some Washington news. They are finding that viewers are more interested in the news around them than in the preoccupations of Washington insiders. At next year's political science convention there may be a paper or two on how it came to be that the American people had a clearer sense of priorities than the movers and shakers in the capital. That is an old story, but it is one that bears repeating.

Worst Fears

New attacks against Jews

Though the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith reported last January that the number of anti-Semitic incidents in the U.S. had dropped 14.9% from 1981 to 1982, complacency seems ill advised. Consider the attacks against Jews in West Hartford, Conn., and one in New York City this summer. The past two weeks brought new incidents in both places.

▶ It was 5:45 a.m. on Yom Kippur, the solemn Jewish holy day, when Connecticut State Representative Joan Kemler, stirred by the smell of smoke, crept downstairs. Flames were shooting through the living-room wall of her West Hartford home. She quickly routed her husband, Surgeon Leonard Kemler, and their two children to safety and summoned the fire department. Police found two liter-size plastic soda bottles propped against the two-story home; they had been filled with a flammable liquid, possibly gasoline. "It definitely was a case of arson," said Police Chief Francis Reynolds.

The incident was the fourth arson attack against Jews in West Hartford (pop. 61,000), an affluent suburb of Connecticut's capital, in less than six weeks. The first fire badly charred the wooden interior of the Young Israel of West Hartford Synagogue. Four days later, a second blaze gutted Emanuel Synagogue, a few blocks from the site of the first arson. The next day, flames raced through the home of Rabbi Solomon Krupka, spiritual leader of Young Israel. He and his family were away; six guests staying there managed to escape unharmed.

"The investigators strongly feel the arsons are related," said a police spokesman. All of the fires were set in the predawn hours, and three of the four involved accelerants in plastic soda bottles. The incidents have stunned West Hartford; police have beefed up patrols. But no arrests have yet been made.

Kemler's home

▶ After finishing tryouts for the ice-hockey team last week, Donald Spilky, 17, and four other students from Yeshiva University High School in Manhattan headed home by automobile to Queens on the Cross Bronx Expressway. A gunman, or gunmen, followed in a car, sped ahead of them on the expressway, and parked in waiting at an exit ramp. As the students neared the Whitestone Bridge, a volley from a high-powered automatic or semiautomatic M-16–type rifle rang out. One shot missed the students and killed Lucille Rivera, 37, a

Queens mother of two who was a front-seat passenger in the vehicle next to theirs. A second blast ripped into the back seat of the youngsters' car, wounding Spilky in the right knee.

The expressway shootout was the fourth attack in 3½ months on Yeshiva students and other Jews in the ethnically diverse north Manhattan neighborhood of Washington Heights. On June 7, four bullets were fired at Yeshiva's five-story brick administration building; two days later, someone fired six .223-cal. blasts at Jewish Memorial Hospital. Neither attack caused more than minor property damage; no one was hit. But two weeks after that four still unidentified people pumped 20 shots from a passing car into a neighborhood luncheonette known as a Yeshiva student hangout, wounding three of the 50 students inside.

Police Commissioner Robert McGuire last week said ballistics tests showed that the high-velocity copper-jacketed bullets fired in three of the incidents came from the same weapon. He assigned 30 investigators to the case. Yeshiva is spending $250,000 to hire Wells Fargo security guards. But few of the 3,500 students at the Washington Heights campus or area residents feel safe. Says Shop Owner Mark Weiner: "I no longer wear my yarmulke [skullcap] when I'm out driving. Now I look over my shoulder to see who's following me." ■

Family Feuds

Private violence goes public

President Reagan took a step toward drawing domestic violence out of the shadows last week. He appointed a task force to study how government can help allay what he called "the darker side to family life in America." The nine-member panel, headed by Detroit Police Chief William Hart, will hold hearings across the country starting in November and submit a report on how federal and state governments should cope with spouse and child abuse as well as mistreatment of the elderly. The announcement marked a change in policy for the Federal Government, which had traditionally left such abuses to local agencies.

"The incalculable costs of these crimes in physical and emotional suffering, ruined lives and future crimes are intolerable in our civilized society," said Attorney General William French Smith, whose Justice Department will oversee the work of the task force. "The Federal Government must now take a leading role."

Conservative groups were dismayed by what they called encroaching federal intervention in the family domain. But organizations involved with victims of domestic crime hailed the news. Said Janice Moore, a staffer at a Washington shelter for battered women: "You can't keep hiding these problems behind the family flag." ■

Fantasy Island, Aloha-Style

An $8.4 million investment scheme rocks Hawaii's upper crust

Ronald Rewald shuffled along the 26th-floor corridor of his former Honolulu office building one morning in early September, looking dazed and uncomfortable. No wonder. The once prominent "international investor" was manacled hand and foot and accompanied by two guards, who watched as he searched for records that bankruptcy officials might have overlooked. None could be found.

Until this summer there had been few hints of trouble in paradise. Over the past five years, Rewald, 41, had persuaded some 400 investors, many of them Hawaiian plutocrats and VIPs, to pour $13 million into his flimflam firm. As recently as last June, he had been a local bigwig himself, owner of the Hawaii Polo Club and hobnobber with Governor and Mrs. George Ariyoshi. But in August an Oahu grand jury indicted him for theft; claims of nearly $8.4 million have been filed against him. Pronounced Bankruptcy Trustee Thomas Hayes: "The money is gone."

Aloha and goodbye: compared with his native Milwaukee, Honolulu must have seemed like Fantasy Island. He came in 1977 to start a new life. He promptly hooked up with Real Estate Salesman Sunlin Wong and created an investment firm grandly named Bishop, Baldwin, Rewald, Dillingham & Wong. Rewald and Wong, however, were the only unmisleading names on the company's letterhead. The others were included to convince investors that the firm was connected to Hawaii's old-line, blue-chip Bishops, Baldwins and Dillinghams, which it was not. Says one local businessman: "It was as if he arrived in Manhattan and had a firm called Rockefeller, Harriman, Cabot, Forbes & Roosevelt."

However brazen the bluff, the name-dropping worked. To prospective investors, Rewald looked gilt-edged by association: he bought a $950,000 house previously owned by deposed Cambodian Strongman Lon Nol and became chummy with Jack Lord, star of the 1968-80 *Hawaii Five-O* TV series. "Investors" included Lieut. General Arnold Braswell, the Air Force's retiring Pacific commander (more than $100,000), and John Kindschi, the former CIA chief in Honolulu ($185,000).

In reality, B.B.R.D. & W. made few actual investments: part of a travel agency here, a piece of a car dealership there. The "business" was little more than a high-stakes chain letter that lasted two or three years: earlier investors were paid dividends out of funds forked over by later ones. Of $1.3 million taken in last June, for instance, $326,000 in "interest" was paid out to earlier investors. But that same month a quarter of a million dollars was siphoned off by Rewald. He used the money to pay for exotic travel, his children's full-time tutor, and upkeep for two Hawaiian ranches, where he stabled his 17 or more polo ponies.

Flimflam Operator Rewald in better days: entertaining Jean Ariyoshi, the Governor's wife

It was like having a firm called Rockefeller, Harriman, Cabot, Forbes & Roosevelt.

When state regulators became aware in July of the firm's false claim that it was FDIC-insured, Rewald's world began to unravel. The IRS and Securities and Exchange Commission started probing Rewald's affairs early this year. State officials issued investigative subpoenas in late July after Rewald's firm published *Capital Flight from Hong Kong and How Hawaii Can Benefit*, a report so transparently amateurish that it instantly raised eyebrows in Honolulu's financial circles. A few days later Rewald checked into a Waikiki hotel and slashed his wrists. Wong is in Honolulu and is cooperating with the federal investigation. Since his hospital recovery, Rewald has been in custody and remains in Honolulu's Oahu prison in lieu of $10 million bail. ■

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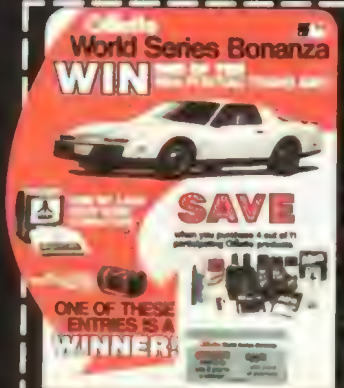

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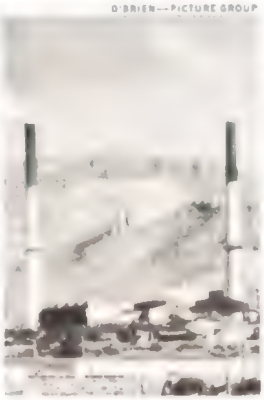
An old and close friendship shattered by a union civil war: Buzz and Beverly Cole at home

Pitting Brother Against Brother

In Arizona's copper towns, a long strike tears families apart

The two couples were once the closest of friends. Buzz Cole, a truck driver for over 13 years at the Phelps Dodge Corp. copper mine in Morenci, Ariz., and his wife Beverly live in a small frame house on one side of Linden Street. On the other side, in a mirror-image home, are Joe Imrich, a crusher operator at the mine, and his wife Lolita. Beverly and Lolita were on the same bowling team and shared coffee every morning after their husbands left for work. For five years, the families, both with teen-age children, socialized and vacationed together and helped each other out in times of sickness.

Today the two couples no longer speak. Their friendship has been rent by a bitter three-month-old strike against Phelps Dodge that has divided friends and kin throughout Morenci, Clifton and a string of other copper company towns in southern Arizona.



O'BRIEN—PICTURE GROUP

Morenci's copper works

A staunch union man, Cole stayed out on strike and on July 27 was fired for waving a hammer at a busload of strikebreakers. Imrich, a 21-year veteran, held out for 50 days, but on Aug. 21 he crossed the picket line and returned to work. The first time Beverly Cole saw Lolita Imrich after Joe went back, "I just looked at her and said, 'Lolita, you are now a scab,' " she told TIME Correspondent Robert C. Wurmstedt.

Strikes have punctuated life in Arizona's copper-mining towns for over a century. An epitaph on an old tombstone in Morenci reads, KILLED BY A SCAB. But this strike is different, redolent of the new bargaining climate in the U.S. that has put some unions on the defensive. In the past, when even the coalition of 13 unions at Phelps Dodge, led by the United Steelworkers of America, routinely went out on strike at the expiration of a three-year contract, the company would close down operations until a new deal had been negotiated. This year, racked by slumping world copper prices and a $78 million loss in the 18 months ending June 30, Phelps Dodge decided to keep its operations open, hire new workers and fire those who did not return to work. The unions claim the company is union busting, but officials of Phelps Dodge, the nation's second largest copper producer, after Kennecott Copper Corp., say they are merely trying to survive another year without shutting down, as they had to do from April to October last year.

Ordinarily, the rugged mountain towns of Morenci and Clifton are close-knit in an almost feudal way, drawn together by their common employer. Morenci (pop. 2,700), dominated by the huge white pit of the copper mine and the two monster smokestacks of the smelter, is the archetypal company town. Phelps Dodge, which has enjoyed a reputation as a generous employer, owns the water and electric utilities, the county hospital, the gas station, the motel, the bowling alley, the high school and a new Spanish-style shopping center featuring the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Co. (easy credit terms). Workers earn an average of $26,000 a year, and rent three-bedroom houses from the company for about $150 a month.

But now that cozy relationship has been ruptured, leaving deep wounds. One man lost his job to his twin brother, another to a first cousin. Mario Rodriguez watched his two brothers cross the line. "I don't talk to them," he says bitterly. "They are not my brothers any more." Since the strike began, the number of domestic problems—child abuse, for example—has shot up 30% in the area. Teenage friends who used to sit together at football games now go separate ways, as do many older colleagues. At Sacred Heart Roman Catholic Church in Clifton, some striking parishioners will not participate in rites that include the deacon, Richard Gonzalez, because he crossed the line to go back to his job.

At the height of the strike this summer, 424 state troopers and 325 National Guardsmen poured into Morenci. Vacant houses were torched; rocks and rifle bullets were flying. More than 20 people have been arrested on strike-related charges. In Ajo, another Phelps Dodge town, a three-year-old girl was wounded in the brain when someone fired through the walls of her strikebreaking father's house.

In August, more than a thousand club-carrying, chain-wielding strikers threatened to shut down operations. But with little progress at the bargaining table and a successful recruiting effort by the company, the odds have shifted against the union. Although negotiations between the company and the 13-member bargaining team continued last week, strike leaders admitted privately that sympathy for their cause has shriveled and that they have lost the battle. "I have never seen such totally frustrated discouragement," says Father John Brent Bardon, the pastor of Sacred Heart Church.

Almost all the positions at the Morenci operations, which employ 1,400 workers, are filled, nearly 500 by returning employees. Many agree with Joe Imrich, who says, "My family and I like to eat. The bottom line is not whether you're a scab or not, but whether you're employed or not." In all, Phelps Dodge may fire some 1,400 workers as it replaces strikers. The company is readying houses in Morenci for the families of new workers. It has sent 60 eviction notices to "terminated" strikers like Buzz Cole. The Coles plan to move to Massachusetts to look for work, but they vow to return.

Even if they go, even if the strike is finally settled, the scars will probably remain a permanent feature of these communities. "It's brother against brother, and those lines will still be here 20 years from now," says Clifton Police Chief Edward Cramer. "At picnics, ball games and weddings, fights will start over this. It will never be the same." ■

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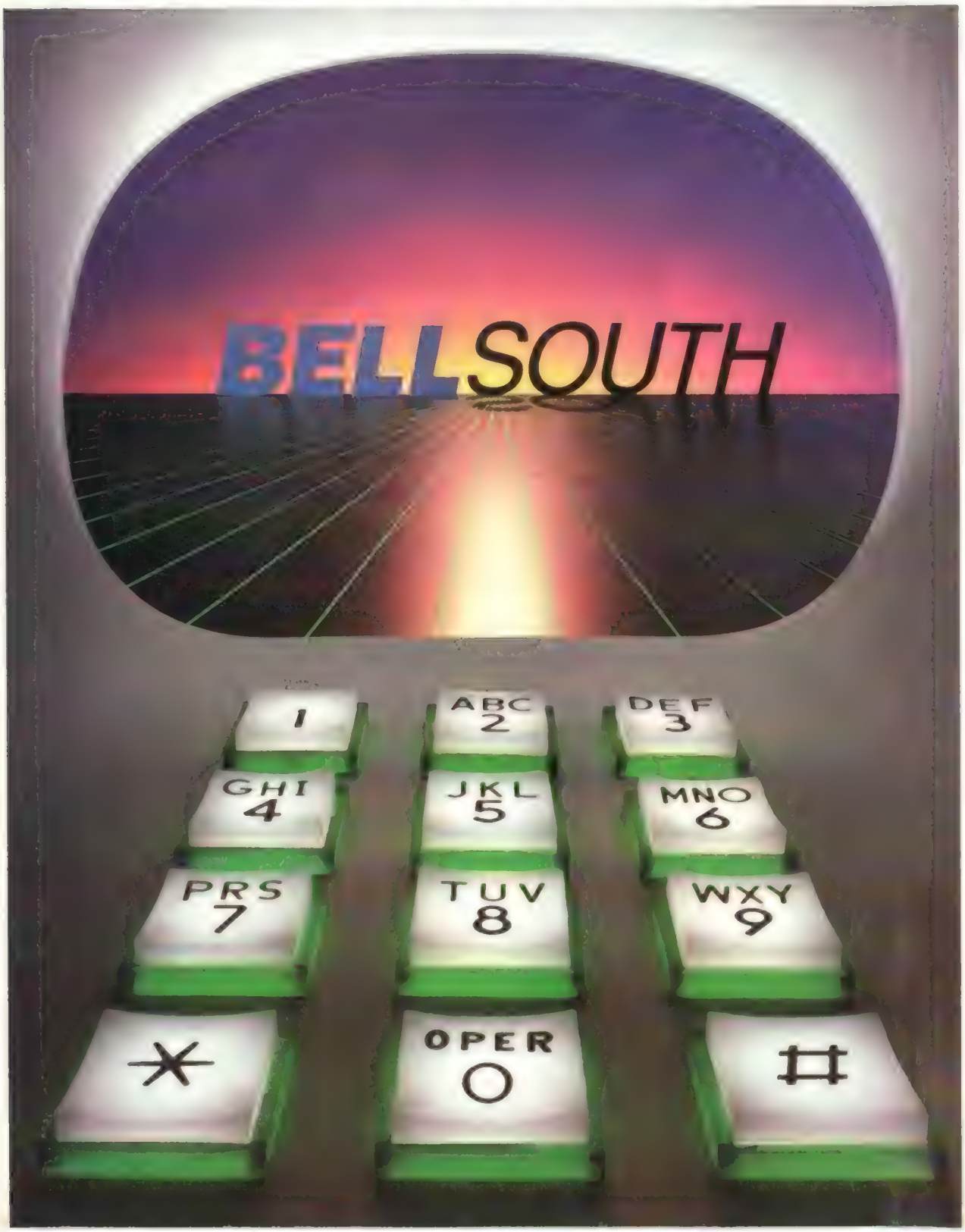


PRESENTING A COMPANY WITH A PROUD HERITAGE AND A BRIGHT FUTURE.

A result of the AT&T divestiture, the new BellSouth Corporation will be the parent company of Southern Bell and South Central Bell telephone companies. BellSouth also has announced two additional subsidiaries, BellSouth Advertising and Publishing Company and a mobile communications services company.

THE STRENGTHS TO GROW AND THE SKILLS TO DO IT.

BellSouth is already big. With expected assets of some $21.5 billion, we would be the largest of the seven regional holding companies and would place twelfth on the latest FORTUNE 500 list of industrial companies.

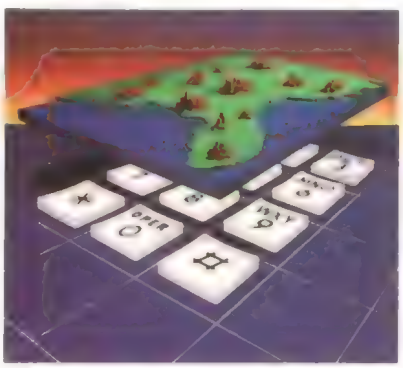
The management team that is leading BellSouth into the future has been in place and operating in a post-divestiture mode for almost a year. So we already have an understanding of both the complexity and the challenge

BellSouth leadership: (left to right) William O. McCoy, Chief Financial Officer, Wallace R. Bunn, Chief Executive Officer, John L. Clendenin, Chief Operating Officer.

of prospering in a competitive marketplace. In fact, the establishment of our two new subsidiary companies, one for directory operations and one for mobile communications service, anticipates market needs.

ADVANCED TELECOMMUNICATIONS IN AN ATTRACTIVE GROWTH AREA.

BellSouth already serves some 13 million customers in one of the fastest-growing regions in the nation. In population, the Southeast has outpaced the national average for growth in the 70's by more than 60%. And projections are that it will continue to lead the nation in both population and personal income growth in the years to come.



BellSouth provides quality telecommunications at a reasonable cost to a nine-state area that has outpaced the national average for growth in the 70's by more than 60%

We have spent almost $15 billion in the last five years in order to provide our customers with the highest quality telecommunications for the lowest cost. The Southern Bell and South Central Bell telephone systems are among the most up-to-date anywhere.

These advanced systems, already functioning, are an assurance that BellSouth will not have to play catch-up to compete. We anticipate that our customer base will continue to grow and we are ready to meet customer needs with advanced technology.

PIONEERING TECHNOLOGY FOR THE NEW INFORMATION AGE.

BellSouth is already out in front. Our modern telecommunications systems are leading the way into the Information Age. Our region has pioneered a host of the more significant technological trials AT&T has conducted in the past 15 years. In every area of telecommunications technology, from fiber optics and energy management to home-based video information systems, BellSouth has a head start.

For example, in Miami, Florida, we provided the fiber optics system for high-speed communications linking businesses in the financial district.

In Charlotte, North Carolina, our telephone system has helped power and gas companies monitor energy use and read gas and electric meters in customers' homes.

In southern Florida, our Local Area Data Transport (LADT) system is part of the first fully-commercial videotext service in the nation. A modified television set and a terminal communicate with a central computer, providing news reports, banking services, teleshopping and other information to viewers at home or the office.

BellSouth technology opens the home and office to the Information Age. Teleshopping, telebanking, electronic mail and the "paperless environment" are becoming realities for our customers.

THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE.

The remarkable Information Age has begun. At BellSouth we welcome it with enthusiasm and optimism and we eagerly accept the challenge and the opportunities it offers. With the strengths of our resources and skilled management, our high-growth location, and our headstart in telecommunications technology, we firmly believe that we are the right company in the right place at the right time.

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Dim LANTIRN

Questioning another weapon

For a time, Air Force generals thought they had the answer to a pilot's prayer. Using on-board computers, the Low Altitude Navigation, Targeting Infra-Red Night system, known as LANTIRN, was touted as the new technology that could guide pilots of F-16s and A-10s close to the ground during bad weather or at night. Then, while helping U.S. aces dodge hills and other obstacles, LANTIRN would spot enemy targets and automatically program air-to-ground missiles on an instantaneous search-and-destroy mission. To be sure, the LANTIRN program's price tag was $1 billion, but if it did what its designer, the Martin Marietta Corp. in Bethesda, Md., said it could do, it might have been worth the big bucks. Such a gadget would, for instance, have brought a speedy end to World War II's Battle of the Bulge, when three days of bad flying weather prevented Allied planes from rescuing outnumbered U.S. troops from the clutches of Hitler's panzer tanks.

But LANTIRN, it seems, cannot hack it. According to a task force report of the Pentagon's Defense Science Board, it appears to be another example of questionable Pentagon practices. The weapons program fell two years behind its development timetable while its price rose sharply. The task force report says the system has not worked, will not work, and should never have been expected to work. Dated June 1983 but circulated last week by the Project on Military Procurement, a nonprofit defense sector watchdog, the report analyzes the computer system that was supposed to seek out the infrared "signatures" of enemy targets. In fact, the computer would have run up, in the report's words, "a monumental false alarm rate," and might be fooled by even the most primitive measures, like camouflaging tanks with branches of trees.

The Air Force responded to the task force's criticism by asserting that it was lowering its sights and now expected LANTIRN only to help pilots navigate at low altitudes and find targets. The original justification for LANTIRN was that a jet pilot flying low in poor visibility is too busy navigating his plane to identify and fire at individual enemy targets.

Pentagon critics say the costs of the new, lower-technology LANTIRN may reach $4.7 billion, or $7 million apiece, half the price of a single A-10 aircraft. ■

Americana

Thaddledo All Around

As the "gubment," or government, of Arkansas begins an upcoming legislative "spatial" (special) session called by Governor Bill Clinton, observers unfamiliar with Southern political dialect will have available the next best thing to simultaneous translation: a just published paperback of 35 uproarious pages titled *The Southern Legislative Dictionary*.

This guide to the speech of Southern politicians was written by *Arkansas Gazette* Columnist Richard Allin. Sometimes, the dictionary shows, the natives' language is formed by the omission of syllables: a "sherf" is "a county law officer," "t'mar" is "the day following today" and "bob war" is "fencing to keep cows in." Contrarily, extra syllables are sometimes inserted: "physical year" is when "financial records must be reconciled," often by the "orditor," a "state fiscal official"; "arthur rightus" is "a disease of the bone joints." Often, consonants are replaced: a "Babdist" is defined as "the opposite of a Methodist," and "partial post" is "a mailing category."

Some of the lingo is harder for Yankees to classify. Consider "turblist," which means "worst," and "thaddledo," which, says the dictionary, is the equivalent of "enough."

A Ding Dong Diet

Thanks to a drought-induced shortage of corn and grain, some of America's pigs and cows have had their diets "upgraded"—changed, anyway.

Missouri Farmer Walter Yoder keeps his 35 head of cattle on a diet of Wonder bread, honey buns and Ding Dongs (which they eat with the wrappers still

© CHARLES WITTE

on). "When I holler come and git it, these steers come running," Yoder says. "They like it more than the tall, lush grass in springtime. Even when the bread is moldy, they still like it just fine." Ted Thoreson, another Missouri cattleman, offers his steers spent Lipton tea leaves and contaminated flour. Says Thoreson: "The truth is that cows can actually convert most any kind of waste to food."

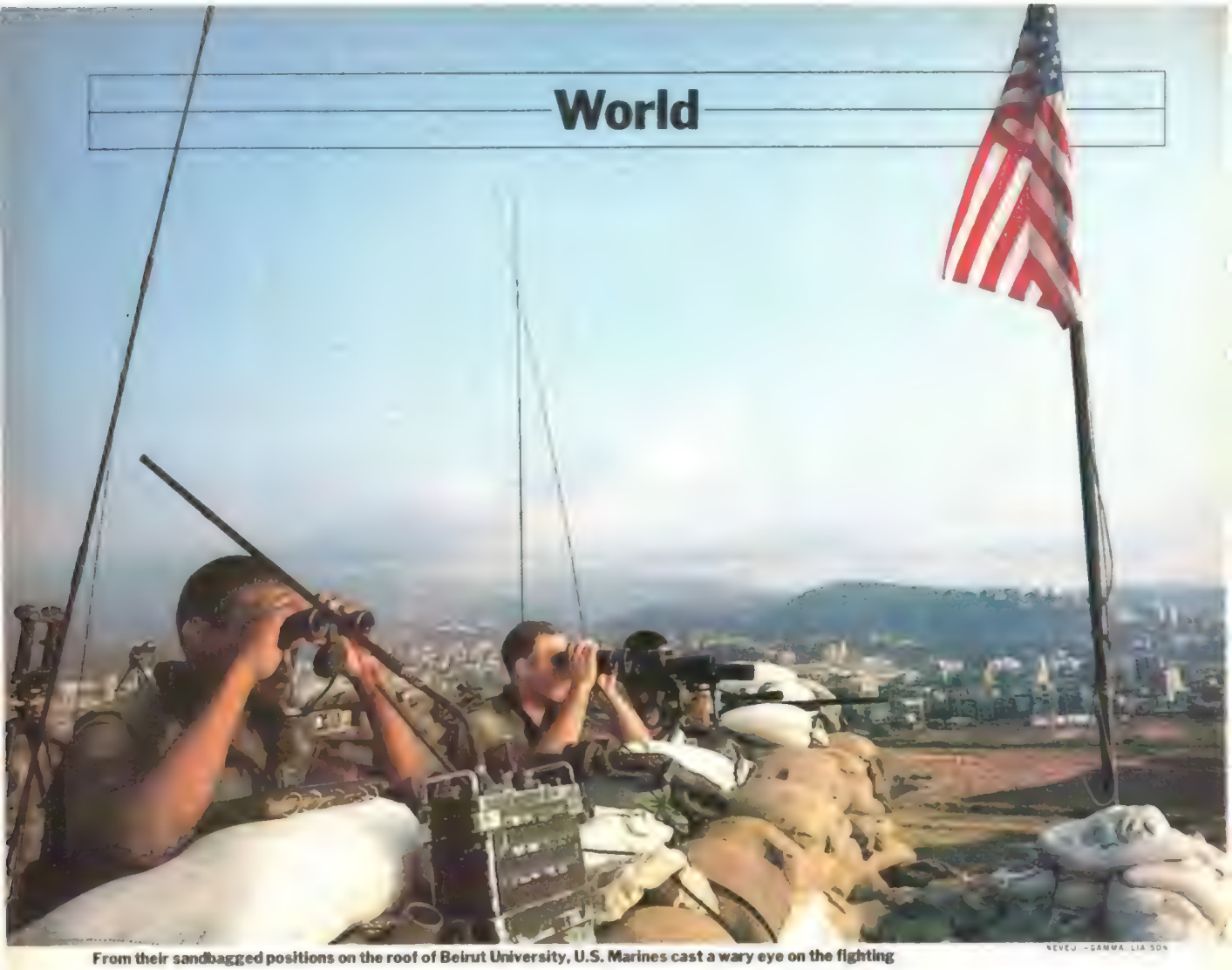
Livestock will also munch on cheese, potatoes, oranges, birdseed, beet pulp, cotton seeds, tallow, brewery mash and chocolate-chip cookies. "Pigs love chocolate. They really do," says Robert Easter, an associate professor of animal science at the University of Illinois. The mash, however, causes the swine to stagger drunkenly a bit at first. Some farmers have used such products for years, especially in times of drought. But some animal nutritionists say the use of alternative feed, though not widespread at all, has become more attractive in these hard economic times. With proper dietary balancing, the experts say, the animals will get the nutrition they need and the meat flavor will not be affected perceptibly. Of course, if some day steak starts tasting like tea and bacon like cocoa, consumers may have only the Ding Dong diet to blame.

A Different Kind of Sweep

The wages of sin are going up in Tulsa. As part of a controversial crackdown initiated by Mayor James Inhofe, convicted prostitutes will no longer get the usual fines and suspended sentences for the misdemeanor. Instead, ladies of the evening will draw up to 90 days of "hard labor"—cleaning up lawns, cutting weeds and helping with rebuilding work—in the city's Mohawk Park. "They can more realistically repay their debts to society by hard work," says Inhofe, "than by sitting in jail being fed by the taxpayers."

Residents living near the red-light district generally applaud the mayor's new plan to keep the pros off the streets by putting them in the parks. But some women's organizations picketed at the red-light district last week to protest what they call "harassment" of prostitutes. The protesters—from the No Bad Women, Just Bad Laws Coalition, the Tulsa Wages for Housework Campaign and the Lesbian Task Force of Eastern Oklahoma—carried signs reading PROSTITUTES ARE NOT CRIMINALS and 70% OF PROSTITUTES ARE MOTHERS.

The mayor is standing by his edict, though he did amend it to embrace convicted male customers. "Johns" will also be put to work plucking weeds and picking up litter. "Don't worry," Inhofe says. "Everybody is going to be treated equally." That should be some sight.



From their sandbagged positions on the roof of Beirut University, U.S. Marines cast a wary eye on the fighting

REVEU -GAMMA LIA 504

COVER STORIES

Helping to Hold the Line

As the U.S. military involvement grows, a cease-fire is announced

Again and again the big 5-in. naval guns roared with the sound of 70-lb. shells being dispatched toward shore. Steaming to within two miles of the Lebanese coast, the U.S. destroyer *John Rodgers* and the nuclear-powered cruiser *Virginia*, part of an American flotilla that had grown to more than a dozen vessels with the arrival of the battleship *New Jersey* late last week, hurled some 600 rounds into the wooded hills above Beirut. For residents of the Lebanese capital, the shells zooming overhead produced a piercing whistle that sounded at first like some strange aircraft preparing for a landing. But moments later, the hills shuddered and burst into flame. Along the ridge that ascends abruptly behind Beirut, columns of smoke rose into the clear autumn sky.

To help the U.S. ships spot their targets, Navy officers ventured into the hills alongside the Lebanese Army. At one point, the situation became so tense that A-6 fighter bombers equipped with 1,000-lb. laser-guided bombs took off from the aircraft carrier *Eisenhower* and prepared to join the action. At the last minute, when U.S. officers diplomatically suggested to the Lebanese that the naval guns had done the job, the jets were called back. Concerned that the Lebanese Army command had overestimated the danger, some U.S. officers went to the front lines the next day to get first-hand information. At about the same time, a Soviet-made SA-7 missile was fired at a U.S. Navy plane flying over the region but missed its target. Four more U.S. Marines were wounded during the week, and on Saturday a Marine helicopter came under ground fire but was not hit.

For the first time, U.S. military force was being used in direct support of the Lebanese Army rather than in retaliation for attacks on U.S. personnel. The Reagan Administration argued that to protect the 1,200 U.S. Marines headquartered at Beirut International Airport, as well as U.S. diplomats in the capital, American forces had to help the inexperienced but determined Lebanese Army hold on to Suq al Gharb. The mountain village had taken on enormous symbolic importance

At their encampment near Beirut International Airport, Marines carry out a training and maintenance drill with a 155-mm howitzer

for the Christian-dominated government of President Amin Gemayel. If the army failed at Suq al Gharb, the Syrian-backed forces might be in a position to replace Gemayel's government with a regime that would be more to Syria's liking. Inevitably, such a regime would be receptive to Soviet influence and hostile to Western interests in the region. Thus the crisis in Lebanon is almost certainly the most daunting foreign policy challenge that the Reagan Administration has yet faced.

The U.S. naval attacks came at a time when the Administration was in the process of reaching an armistice of sorts with Congress over the legality of the U.S. Marines' deployment in Lebanon. Many Senators and Congressmen agreed with the Administration that the Marines must remain in Lebanon for the time being to strengthen the Gemayel government. But some members of Congress, upset about the deaths of four Marines in the past month, questioned the degree of U.S. involvement. In trying to force Reagan to invoke the 1973 War Powers Act, which would have required him to withdraw the U.S. forces within 60 to 90 days unless Congress specifically endorsed their mission, some members also hoped to revive a longstanding tug of war over the control of U.S. foreign policy. At first, the President was reluctant to concede that Congress should in any way curb his options. But under the compromise worked out between the White House and key legislative leaders early last week, Congress appeared ready to pass a resolution giving Reagan authority to keep the Marines in Lebanon for 18 months.

Toward the end of the week, there were signs that the U.S. show of force had helped persuade the various belligerents to negotiate a cease-fire. U.S. Special Envoy Robert McFarlane had been shuttling around the area for three weeks in search of a cease-fire. So had Saudi Arabia's Prince Bandar bin Sultan, reflecting his country's heightened interest in reconciling the warring factions. But the most recalcitrant of the principal players was still Syrian President Hafez Assad, who has cleverly and brutally used the current Lebanese crisis as a vehicle for bringing Syria back to the center of Middle East power-brokering. With his armed forces newly strengthened by an estimated $2 billion worth of Soviet weapons, Assad hoped to bring down Gemayel and press for a new Lebanese government in which Muslims of his choice would be more strongly represented and in which Syria would have more influence. Nonetheless, as the new week began, President Reagan announced that the two sides had agreed to a cease-fire that was to begin this Sunday evening. Said he: "It is a first step and you can see my fingers crossed."

The latest round of fighting started in early September, when the Israeli army abruptly withdrew its forces to the southern banks of the Awali River, some 17 miles south of Beirut. As the Israelis pulled out of the Chouf Mountains, their positions were quickly occupied and fought over by the Druze militiamen and their enemies, the Christian Phalange militiamen. Reinforced with arms and ammunition from Syria, the Druze promptly trounced the Phalangists and appeared to threaten the Lebanese Army's hold on its own capital. The Druze have enjoyed the

support of as many as 2,000 Palestinian guerrillas, some from the various Palestinian groups that are opposed to Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat and some from other Palestinian units under Syrian control. Two weeks ago Arafat showed up in the northern Lebanese port city of Tripoli, and last week he tried to enhance his weakened position within the P.L.O. by announcing that Palestinians had joined the fighting in the mountains as part of their struggle against Israel. In actuality, the Syrian-dominated Palestinian units engaged in the combat were trying to entrench themselves throughout as much of Lebanon as possible, and perhaps hoping then to achieve an emotion-charged return to West Beirut, the city from which the P.L.O. was evicted little more than a year ago.

In the meantime, the once beautiful capital city and its suburbs endured another week of random violence. The fires in the hills were caused by a four-sided artillery duel whose participants included the Druze and Christian militias, the Lebanese Army and the U.S. Sixth Fleet. Even the U.S. ambassador's residence in the suburb of Yarze took several rounds, which set the garden ablaze and forced Ambassador Robert Dillon to seek refuge in the Presidential Palace, a short distance away.

Beginning at dawn on several days last week, Druze and Christian militiamen exchanged artillery fire in villages on both sides of the Beirut-Damascus highway. Ambulances, their sirens wailing, raced up and down the main road as shells whizzed overhead. Small-arms fire echoed in the hills a few hundred yards from the Lebanese Defense Ministry. Much of the time, Christian East Beirut was largely shut down, the streets empty, most shops closed. Shells and rockets fell on the predominantly Muslim southern suburbs as well as on the Christian areas along the coast to the north.

In the villages of the hills and the mountains beyond, Christians and Druze alike were feeling the effects of the fighting. Dwellings were destroyed, people uprooted, and hundreds reported killed, some of them in incidents that amounted to undocumented slaughter. The Christian village of Beit ed Din, site of the long-unused Presidential Summer Palace, is a shambles, its houses burned and its shops looted. It is deserted except for its Druze occupiers, who sit idly in the shade, cradling their weapons. Across a narrow ravine, within easy sniping distance, is the besieged Christian town of Deir al Qamar, scene of a notorious massacre of Christians by Druze in 1860. The Christian militiamen claim there are now 40,000 refugees crammed into the village. In other times, Deir al Qamar would strike a visitor as a wondrous place, with its fountain in a central square and its houses clinging to a steep mountainside. But today it is, as Mayor George Dib Nehme puts it, "like a very small jail with far too many people." He continues: "We have no assurances of food, water or medicine. We are living day by day, and there is no end in sight. Fourteen people have been killed so far in the shelling. There is sniping, but we don't shoot back. We can't. We are hostages."

Indeed they are, as are the people of Ain et Tine and other shell-shocked Christian towns that are not surround-

One of the 5-in. guns aboard the U.S.S. *Virginia* points toward the embattled Chouf

A Lebanese soldier fires his M-16 rifle at Druze positions outside Suq al Gharb

Two Lebanese troops, their faces betraying their fatigue,

Smoke rises from the hills behind East Beirut after an intense exchange of artillery fire

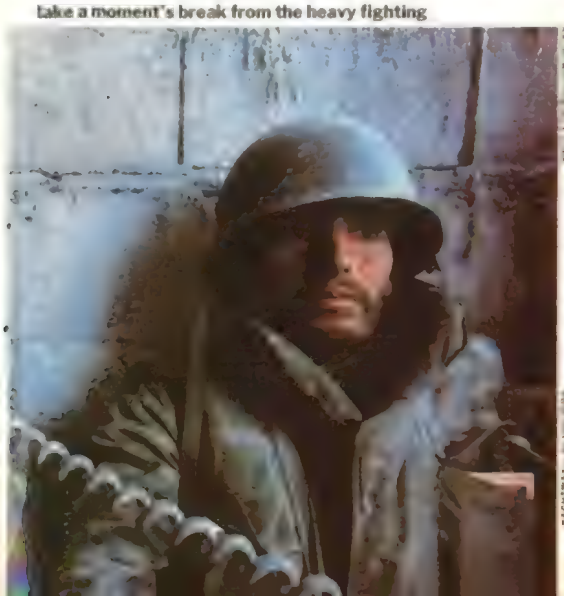
ed. But then so are the people of Aley and Ain Zhalta and other Druze towns, all prisoners of collective folk memories in which rights and wrongs are forever remembered. "We are the first people of Lebanon," says a Druze village elder, referring to his sect, which broke away from Islam in the 11th century (*see box*). "We cannot be ignored. We respect the rights of others, but they must respect our rights too."

Of all the world's fragmented little nations, Lebanon is one of the most perplexing. Once the home of the Phoenicians, it has been overrun at various times by Egyptians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, European Crusaders and Ottoman Turks. In 1932, when Lebanon was a French mandate, France conducted a national census that showed the Christians with a slight majority. When Lebanon became independent in 1943, followed by the evacuation of French troops three years later, the preponderance of political power was apportioned between Maronite Christians and Sunni Muslims on the basis of the 1932 head count, with a minimal share of representation for such minority groups as the Druze and the Shi'ite Muslims. In the late 1950s and 1960s, with Lebanon prospering as a Maronite-dominated haven of stability and mercantilism and as the only real parliamentary democracy in the Arab world, its rulers shrewdly neglected to take a new census. But a higher birth rate among the Muslims and the influx of Palestinian guerrillas in the early 1970s upset the prevailing political balance. The result was the bloody civil war that raged for 18 months in 1975 and 1976 and left Lebanon vulnerable to the growing power and ambition of Syria.

Whatever fragile equilibrium the Lebanese managed to recover during the ensuing years was upset by the Israeli invasion of June 1982. The Israelis openly took sides with the Phalange and welcomed the election of Bashir Gemayel, the leader of the Phalangist-dominated Lebanese Forces, as President. When Gemayel was assassinated nine days before his inauguration, his older brother Amin instead took the job following his unanimous election by parliament. With some 38,000 occupation troops in Lebanon, Israel tried to impose a peace treaty on the country. The Lebanese refused, but after U.S. pressure the two countries signed an agreement last May under which the Lebanese would conduct future negotiations with Israel "on the movement of goods, products and persons" across the Israeli-Lebanese border, and the Israelis would withdraw their forces from the country. The Israelis, however, made their pullout contingent on a simultaneous withdrawal of the remaining P.L.O. forces as well as the Syrians, who control most of the Bekaa Valley and much of northern Lebanon. When the Syrians refused to leave, so did the Israelis. Only on Sept. 3, under pressure from politicians and citizens back home, did the Israelis decide to withdraw unilaterally to a more secure line well to the south of Beirut and the Chouf Mountains.

At the time, the security of the Gemayel government was being bolstered by relatively small contingents of American, French, Italian and British peacekeeping forces, all of whom had underestimated the Lebanese capacity for set-

Take a moment's break from the heavy fighting



Beyond a pile of spent shell casings, a Druze militiaman fires a 122-mm cannon

tling old scores. Realizing almost too late the extent of the danger, the Reagan Administration asked the Israelis to postpone their withdrawal. Though the Israelis delayed their move by a few days, Washington concluded that the only hope for stability over the short term lay in shoring up the Gemayel government and the relatively new and untried Lebanese Army.

Thus last week the symbol of this ancient and hopelessly intricate struggle became the hill town of Suq al Gharb. Here the Druze, having already virtually driven the Christian militiamen out of the mountains, hoped also to hold off the army of the Christian-led government. Here the Syrians hoped to weaken the Gemayel government, and here the Palestinians hoped to win a victory and perhaps a chance to return to West Beirut. The government and its army knew that they must make a stand. At midweek Gemayel, who has been slow in his efforts to broaden his political base or even to exert strong personal leadership during the current crisis, suddenly appeared at Suq al Gharb to visit his beleaguered army garrison, even as it came under yet another tank and artillery attack.

Lebanese soldiers under fire try to carry the body of a fallen comrade

For the Reagan Administration Suq al Gharb had become the key position of the "red line," the frontier beyond which the Druze and their allies could not be allowed to pass. For several weeks Special Envoy McFarlane had been pressing the Administration to broaden the Marines' role in Lebanon. At the time of the Israeli withdrawal in early September, McFarlane had proposed that Marines be used to take over certain military positions in the Chouf. He also sought permission to move the Marines into the Chouf as part of a cease-fire offer. In a rare display of agreement, Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger prevailed upon Reagan to refuse, fearing for the lives of the Marines and also, perhaps, for the political consequences.

In the past two weeks, however, the Administration realized that the Lebanese Army must somehow be given a stronger hand in order to bolster the Gemayel government. Last week, while sticking to the pretense that its ultimate aim was to protect the lives of U.S. mili-

Peace Keepers with a Difference

A year after the ghastly massacre of hundreds of Palestinians, heavily armed men still prowl the shanty town of Shatila on the southern fringes of Beirut. But instead of the feared fatigue uniforms of Phalangist militiamen, they wear spiffy red-and-gold scarves emblazoned with the Venetian Lion of St. Mark, and their presence inspires comfort rather than terror. They are Italian marines who keep strict watch from a ring of sentry posts and constantly patrol streets that are now as safe as any in Lebanon.

Which, needless to say, is a long way from being completely safe. Random shells fired by gunners in the Chouf Mountains explode in Shatila and virtually every other neighborhood, underscoring a cruel and dangerous irony facing not only the Italians but also the American, French and British troops in the Multi-National Force (MNF). By doing their job as peace keepers, the approximately 5,400 members of the MNF are being drawn with seeming inexorability into the country's increasingly chaotic civil war.

PETER JORDAN

British soldier on a field telephone

Simply by being there, though, the MNF has brought an unaccustomed measure of security to Beirut and its environs. That in turn has enabled Lebanese President Amin Gemayel to preserve the semblance of a central government by maintaining authority at least around the capital, and so far has probably prevented Lebanon from taking the final plunge into anarchy, partition or both. But that very fact has made the MNF a target for the many Lebanese factions determined to bring down Gemayel. Already, five U.S. Marines, 17 French troops and one Italian have been killed; 43 Americans, 41 French and 27 Italians have been wounded. As American naval shelling and French aerial strikes against guerrilla positions in the Chouf Mountains last week illustrated, Washington and Paris will not let their troops become sitting ducks.

But the MNF was sent to Lebanon in the hope that it would never have to fight, and what role it might play in a continuing civil war is maddeningly vague. Properly speaking, it is not a unified "force" at all but a collection of four national contingents operating under separate commands that cooperate only to the extent of keeping one another informed, more or less, about what they are doing. The U.S. Marines have a liaison officer at the headquarters of each of the other three contingents, and military men from all four nations maintain links with Gemayel's Lebanese Army through officers at the Presidential Palace in Baabda. But that is just about it. The Americans have been pressing for coordinated planning to deal with a deepening emergency, so far with little result.

Nor does the MNF have a clear mandate. Ambassadors of the four countries delivered separate letters to Lebanese Foreign Minister Elie Salem, acceding to his government's request to send troops. Though the letters spoke of assisting the government in restoring its authority in the Beirut area, the four contingents interpret their instructions differently. The U.S. Marines, for example, have been the only ones to train Lebanese soldiers regularly in such skills as hand-to-hand fighting and helicopter assaults. Says a British officer: "We have defined our operations according to what each of us does best." The present division of labor:

The French, 2,000 members of the Foreign Legion and infantry, remain particularly attached to a land France administered under a League of Nations mandate until 1943 and where, to this day, French remains the second language. They have stationed themselves in Beirut proper, maintaining highly visible patrols in vehicles and on foot through the city. Partly because of their high exposure, and also because they have undertaken extensive dis-

tary personnel on the ground, the Administration ordered the naval guns to attack Druze positions around Suq al Gharb. In so doing, the U.S. provided crucial help to the embattled Lebanese Army.

On his way to China last week, Weinberger told reporters that the Lebanese armed forces were doing well and that the Marines were not fighting in their behalf. He continued: "There is one exception, and that is the village of Suq al Gharb, which we are determined should not fall into hostile hands." The reason for this "forward defense," he said, was to protect Marine positions around the airport. Under existing rules, the Marines are not permitted to return fire into a village or occupied area. But that rule has been rescinded, Weinberger added, in the case of Suq al Gharb.

NEVEU—GAMMA LIAISON

Red Cross workers in Suq al Gharb carry a wounded Lebanese

The Administration's ability to take a strong stand in the Lebanese crisis was endangered by the continuing dispute with Congress over the application of the War Powers Act. Under the law, which was passed in 1973 by a Congress weary of the Viet Nam War, a President who sends U.S. troops to places where "imminent involvement in hostilities" is likely must notify Congress within 48 hours. After that, he must receive explicit congressional support for his action; otherwise the mission must be ended within 90 days. Most members of Congress believe that the law became operative late last month after the fighting broke out and particularly after the first two Marines were killed by shelling. (Another Marine had been killed in Lebanon last year, but not under combat conditions.) Even some of the President's most reliable allies in Congress urged him to find a way to live with the act. But the Administration resisted it, not wanting its powers in the crisis to be curtailed or to set a precedent. Reagan argued that the Marines had been sent to Lebanon for peace keeping, not combat. In addition, officials said, any deadline on the Marines' presence in Lebanon would only encourage the Syrians, the Palestinians and others to hold off their attacks until the Americans had gone home.

The compromise, when it came at last, was a sensible if slightly tardy solution to a serious standoff between the Executive and Legislative branches of Gov-

posal of unexploded bombs from previous fighting, they have suffered the heaviest casualties. Operating from the ambassador's former residence, which was heavily damaged in last year's war, they live comfortably, enjoying three warm meals a day, with a choice of imported beer or Lebanese wine with dinner.

The Italians, 2,100 strong and posted in Beirut's southern suburbs, protect the scenes of last year's massacre and also the Bourj-el-Barajneh refugee camp. Highly motorized, like the French, they maintain regular patrols, and also provide more assistance to civilians in their area than do the other contingents. Two Italian mobile clinics make daily tours of the refugee camps, ministering to the health needs of the Palestinians.

The British, 100 members of the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, joined the MNF in February, five months after the other forces. They move about very visibly in their little Ferret armored scout cars, stopping frequently to chat with residents. The British missions have become known as "the ice cream patrols" for the cones that friendly inhabitants often offer.

The Americans, 1,200 Marines, took up positions around Beirut Airport, originally facing Israeli occupation lines. Now the Israelis have withdrawn to positions farther south, and the Marines' encampment is highly exposed to shelling from the Chouf; they cannot prevent frequent closings of the airport. Primarily a fight-on-foot force, they have hunkered down behind sandbags and no longer patrol beyond the airport. The Americans lead a more spartan and lonely existence than their European counterparts: only one hot meal a day, a lot of field rations, and a restrictive policy on recreation in and around Beirut.

The role of the French, Italian and British forces in Lebanon is becoming a political issue back home, just as it is in the U.S. The Italian coalition of Prime Minister Bettino Craxi is uneasily united in its commitment to the MNF, but the country's large Communist Party has begun a major campaign to bring the troops home. In France, the conservative opposition demanded a hit-back-or-get-out policy before Socialist President François Mitterrand last week ordered retaliation against attacks on the French troops. In Britain, the opposition Labor Party is grumbling that the MNF should be used strictly for peace keeping rather than to keep Gemayel in power, although the angriest words on the subject have come from a nationalistic faction of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives. Still, like the Reagan Administration, the French, Italian and British governments express determination to maintain their forces in Lebanon as long as they are needed. —*By George J. Church.*

Reported by Roberto Suro/Beirut

HARRY MATTISON

Italian marine on patrol in Beirut's southern fringes

FOURNIER—CONTACT

French members of the MNF with map of Lebanese capital

ernment, an impasse that could well have required intervention by the Supreme Court. The prospect of such a stalemate, at a time when U.S. Marines were under fire in Lebanon, was undoubtedly a factor in leading to an agreement, although a number of lawmakers, including Senate Democratic Minority Leader Robert C. Byrd of West Virginia, remained unhappy about it.

Under the compromise, which appeared to be gaining acceptance last week, Congress would pass a resolution stating that it assumes the War Powers Act is in effect. The President would sign it, while expressing his disagreement with the reference to "hostilities" in Lebanon. This device, the Administration felt, would prevent the present case from becoming a precedent. The draft resolution also specifies that the President may leave the Marines in Lebanon for 18 months, a time limit that could always be extended. The document states that the role of the military mission would be subject to the limitations of the multinational force, but it also says that the mission can engage in "such protective measures" as are necessary to ensure its safety. That escape clause, as Senator Byrd pointed out, is wide enough "to run Amtrak through it."

One advantage of the 18-month deadline was that it would carry the whole controversy past the 1984 presidential elections, and thus would reduce its importance as a campaign issue. In announcing the proposed deal, Reagan declared that he was pleased with the congressional support on a "solid bipartisan basis." Asked who had won the dispute, White House Chief of Staff James Baker, who had headed a four-member Administration team that negotiated with congressional representatives, replied, "The country won. To the extent that there was uncertainty in Damascus and elsewhere as to what this Government would do, the uncertainty is eliminated." In fact, Congress had forced the President to acknowledge the War Powers Act and to accept a time limit on his authority to keep the Marines in Lebanon.

A possible hitch developed Wednesday when the House Appropriations Committee voted to cut off all funding for the Marines in Lebanon unless the President acts affirmatively under the War Powers Act. But the vote was not expected to survive in the full House. Later in the week the House Foreign Affairs Committee approved the carefully wrought compromise.

With the matter all but settled, Reagan assured a group of Republican visitors that the Marines would be brought home from Lebanon "the first minute there is no longer a need for them to be there." That minute is not likely to come any time soon, but as the week ended there were reports from Beirut and Damascus that the sides in the fighting in Lebanon were drawing closer to a cease-fire.

Until then, the signals had been disappointing. Sharing a key role with Saudi Arabia's Prince Bandar bin Sultan, U.S. Envoy McFarlane helped to prepare a draft proposal that called for an end to hostilities, to be followed by a conference of all Lebanese factions. At such a meeting, the Druze, the Shi'ite Muslims and other groups would be able to press the Maronite Christians for a greater share of political power. Two weeks ago, the Syrians demanded that as part of the cease-fire agreement, the Lebanese government had to withdraw its army from the Chouf and promise never to use it in future domestic conflicts. Last week the Syrians insisted that the Lebanese government delegation to the subsequent conference include neither the Prime Minister nor the Speaker of parliament, both of whom, under the 1943 agreement, are Muslims. Behind the demand is Syria's conviction that the present Beirut government is so dominated by right-wing Christians with Israeli connections that no Muslim member could be considered genuinely representative. Gemayel rejected the demands as unacceptable.

Back and forth went Special Envoy McFarlane, and back and forth to Saudi Arabia went Prince Bandar. On Bandar's only visit to Beirut, the people of the city, who were desperately eager for the fighting to end, were greatly encouraged. When he left, they again became despondent. Assad remained obdurate, and according to some diplomats, Gemayel too seemed less than eager to end hostilities. Each leader apparently thought he could still strengthen his bargaining position by making military gains on the ground.

During those periods last week when a cease-fire appeared to be at hand, some observers speculated that U.S. naval support of the Lebanese Army at Suq al Gharb might have convinced Assad that a simple military victory by his allies was not in the offing, and thus it would be more advantageous for Syria to accept a cease-fire. Others speculated that Gemayel had for a time been so impressed with the ability of his army that he

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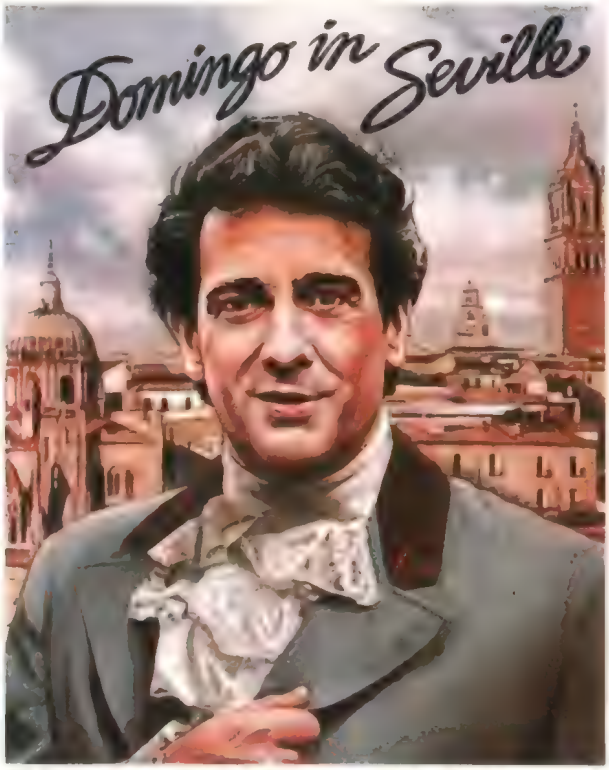

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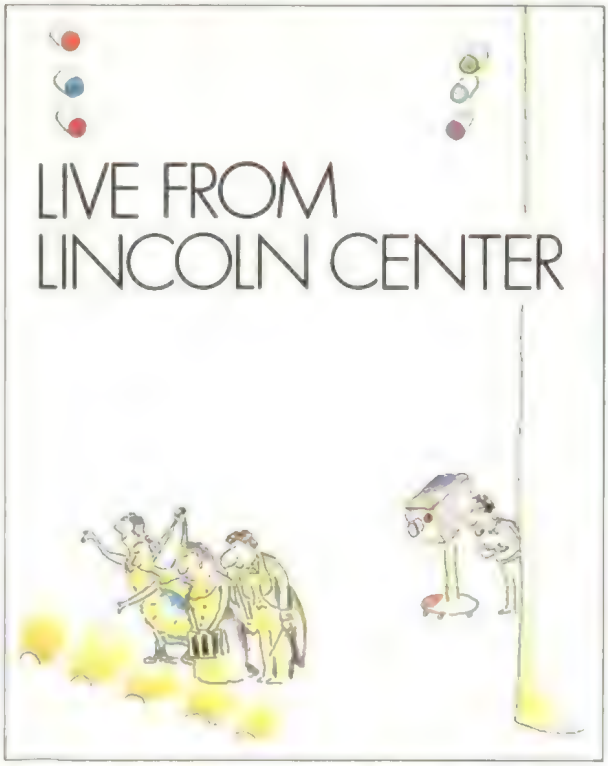
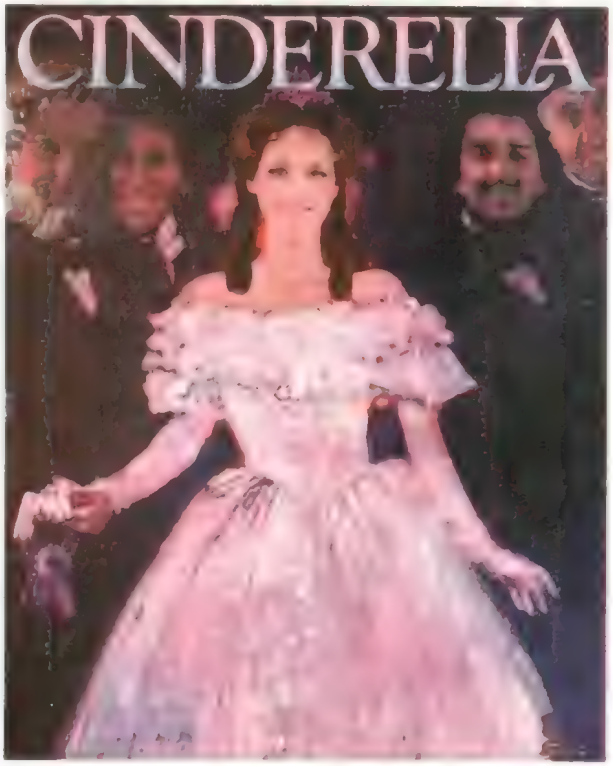


LIVE FROM LINCOLN CENTER. A Lincoln Center Special begins this series with New York City Ballet's Balanchine Tribute "Vienna Waltzes," "Mozartiana" and "Who Cares." October 10.



CINDERELLA. *La Cenerentola*, Rossini's comic opera, performed at La Scala. Starring Frederica von Stade. Claudio Abbado, conductor. Coming in January.

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thought it was now strong enough to push back the Druze, Syrian and Palestinian forces in the Chouf. According to this theory, cooler heads persuaded him to quit while he was ahead, or at least even.

Another factor was that with Prince Bandar playing an important role in the negotiations, the Syrians would not want to be responsible for an embarrassing Saudi failure. Saudi Arabia, after all, still bankrolls Syria to the tune of almost $1 billion a year. More compelling for the Syrians may be the renewed interest that Israel has begun to show in the area it evacuated less than a month ago. Last week the Israeli army stepped up its patrols to the north of the Awali River and sent low-flying reconnaissance planes over central Lebanon. Said a U.S. diplomat: "They have begun to realize that the fighting in the Chouf is an avenue for Palestinian infiltration." At the same time, some Israeli military commanders have recently expressed concern that if the U.S. is now hopelessly involved in the Lebanese morass, Israel is to a large extent at fault. As a result, the Israelis may be prepared to help the U.S. in its efforts to help prop up the Gemayel government. Last week the Israeli government warned Lebanese Druze leaders that it would not stand idly by if the Druze or their comrades were to attack Deir al Qamar, the Chouf village where thousands of Christians have taken refuge

Late last week, the announcement of a cease-fire was expected momentarily. The Lebanese Cabinet discussed a draft agreement Friday, and sent Lebanese Businessman Rafiq Hariri to Damascus with some minor changes. There was speculation that Gemayel would announce the agreement in a Friday-evening address marking the end of his first year in office.

Although the final details were not settled, the cease-fire was to be enforced by a special security committee composed of members of the Lebanese Army, the Christian militias, the Shi'ite militia Amal, and the National Salvation Front, a new Syrian-backed opposition group headed by Druze Leader Walid Jumblatt, former Prime Minister Rashid Karami and former President Suleiman Franjieh. The committee would be assisted by foreign observers, from either France or Italy, as Gemayel prefers, or perhaps from Saudi Arabia or Yugoslavia, as some of the opposition groups advocate. After that, Saudi Arabia's King Fahd would issue an invitation to Gemayel and other Lebanese leaders to come to Saudi Arabia for a conference on national reconciliation. Among the topics that would be on the agenda: power sharing within Lebanon, a new balance in the government, the withdrawal of all foreign forces, and perhaps even the Lebanese-Israeli agreement, which the Gemayel government helped negotiate but has never put into effect.

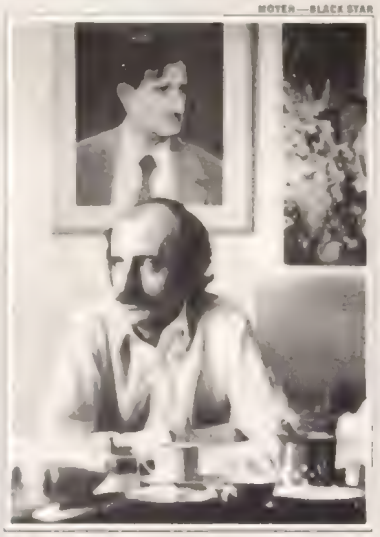
But then, just as all sides appeared ready to accept the agreement, Syria's As-

A Hidden and Mysterious Order

They gather in remote valleys and mountain strongholds, and only a handful of initiates are permitted to know their mystic rites or to read their "Six Books of Wisdom." Their faith is a baffling hybrid of Greek philosophy and Muslim mysticism; they revere Jesus, Moses and Muhammad equally. Though their sect is technically an offshoot of the Isma'ili Muslim sect, it shares ideas with Chinese and Indian religions. Such are the shadowy outlines of the mysterious Druze, a self-enclosed feudal group famous for its autonomy and military prowess.

Of Lebanon's dozen or more sects, the Druze are said to be the fourth largest, with a membership of 250,000 (there are roughly 260,000 in Syria, as well as some 40,000 in Israel). Yet the Druze's solidarity and fierce sense of loyalty have given them clout disproportionate to their numbers. Ever since 1975 the leader of the Druze has served as the head of the Lebanese left.

After its founding in Cairo in 1017, the enigmatic movement gradually spread to the Levant. Eventually it entrenched itself in particular in the heart of the Chouf, overlooking Beirut. During the 17th century an aristocratic Kurdish warrior clan, the Jumblatts (the name means heart of steel), joined the Druze and eventually became one of the group's two dominant families. At about the same time, the Druze formed an alliance with the Maronite Christians under the leadership of a Druze emir. In the 19th century, the aggressively ascendant Maronites sought to consolidate their power over Lebanon. Alarmed, the Druze rose against them. In a still vivid 1860 incident, the Druze set fire to mountain villages and slaughtered thousands of Christians. The present unrest is a reminder of that longstanding and sometimes bloody friction.


MOYER—BLACK STAR

Walid before a portrait of his father

Accustomed to being a minority sect, the Druze have always clung to habits of secrecy. But some aspects of their doctrine are publicly known: affirming "the essential unity of all things and beings," the Druze hold that God is a single entity and that men pass through a series of lives, constantly moving toward perfection. They also believe that only a fixed number of places are reserved for them in paradise. Upon death, therefore, every worthy Druze is said to be reborn as another Druze; for the same reason, converts are not accepted and intermarriage is not encouraged. The Druze neither drink nor smoke nor swear. They steadfastly observe complete submission to God, mutual support, repudiation of all other religions and strict truthfulness. Yet the faith remains eminently pragmatic: when abroad or in trouble, a Druze is permitted to dissemble to unbelievers and even to feign adherence to another belief.

As a political force in modern Lebanon, the Druze were organized and galvanized by the magnetic Kamal Jumblatt, who was once described as "both rebel and statesman, mystic and politician." Three years after he joined parliament in 1946, Jumblatt formed the Progressive Socialist Party, and in the years that followed, he gave his committed support to the cause of Arab nationalism. By 1975 Jumblatt had founded the Lebanese National Movement and established himself as pre-eminent warlord of the Lebanese left. In the course of his political career, he ruled four ministries and helped to topple two Presidents. He also strongly opposed the entry of Syrian forces into Lebanon in 1976. When Jumblatt was assassinated in March 1977, the hereditary mantle fell to his son Walid, a mercurial, motorbike-riding young man usually seen in faded blue jeans and a leather jacket. Although Walid, 36, has remained true to his father's principles, many of his countrymen regard him as a weak-willed puppet. They especially distrust his wary alliance with the Syrians, who are widely believed to have engineered his father's murder. Nonetheless, the Druze wholeheartedly support their leader. Last December, as Walid recuperated from a second attempt on his life, crowds gathered outside the hospital. Their faithful chant: "With blood and spirit, we will sacrifice to you, O Walid!"

sad was reported to have imposed new conditions. He asked that the decisions of the proposed national reconciliation conference be binding upon the Lebanese government. In addition, Assad was said to be insisting that the conference take the position that the Israeli-Lebanese withdrawal accord be abandoned. And yet, just as Lebanon appeared headed for still another round of heavy fighting, McFarlane met with Gemayel this Sunday to tell him that the two sides had agreed, after all, to a cease-fire. Reagan later called Gemayel to congratulate him on the news.

Whatever happens next, the U.S. has little choice but to stay put in Lebanon for a while. To do otherwise would be to jeopardize the Gemayel government, alienate other moderate Arab regimes, radically reduce Washington's influence and prestige throughout the Middle East, and transform that region into an unchallenged target of opportunity for the Soviet Union. So the U.S. strategy will be to maintain the military commitment, probably at roughly the present level, until such time as a central Lebanese government is able to stand on its own.

The U.S. naval action last week was harshly attacked in the Soviet Union, where TV news programs showed clips of U.S. warships firing cannons, quickly followed by scenes of an anguished Arab mother clutching a dead or dying child. The TASS news agency said Moscow "resolutely condemned" the U.S. military moves. Reaction from U.S. allies, including those that have sent peace-keeping forces to Lebanon, has been mixed but generally supportive. In London, a Foreign Office spokesman said that each contingent in the multinational force must "take its own decisions about self-defense." In Italy's coalition government, Socialist Prime Minister Bettino Craxi showed concern about the U.S. intervention at Suq al Gharb, while Christian Democratic Foreign Minister Giulio Andreotti and Republican Defense Minister Giovanni Spadolini supported it. In Paris, Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson criticized the U.S. naval action, saying it was "not the best method" of solving the crisis. Added Cheysson: "If the Americans want to take the place of the Israelis, that is their responsibility, not ours." Three days later, however, after a barrage of rockets fell on French and Italian troops in Beirut, eight French Super Etendard fighters attacked Druze and Syrian gun positions in the mountains. It was the first time the French had joined the combat, and the first time fighter planes of any multinational-force nation had carried out raids.

Lebanese civilians stand on the second floor of a Beirut building damaged by years of warfare

Cease-fires provide an opportunity for all sides to regroup for the next round of fighting.

The Lebanese understand the limitations of the U.S.'s ability to influence events in their country. Said Foreign Minister Eli Salem last week: "The Americans are defending us politically, but the U.S. will not use force to extend Lebanese sovereignty throughout the country. We have not asked for this, and they have not offered it." After all, he added, "there is no military solution to Lebanon's problems."

Whether there is a political solution is an open question. If there is, it would certainly have been easier to achieve last year after the evacuation from Beirut of at least 6,000 P.L.O. commandos. Now as many as 2,000 of them are back in the areas to the east and north of Beirut, and Arafat seemed almost unchanged last week (save for the disappearance, perhaps only temporarily, of his famous beard) when he addressed a Palestinian crowd outside the northern Lebanese port city of Tripoli. Scarcely three months ago, he had been expelled from Syria, which backed his opponents in a P.L.O. factional dispute. Now, as he spoke in an area of Lebanon controlled by the Syrians, he acknowledged that there had been "some differences" between himself and Assad, and added that "we are trying to limit these differences and close the gap."

Another lesson to be derived from the impasse in Lebanon is that the refusal of Israel, particularly under Prime Minister Menachem Begin, to compromise on the Palestinian issue has created a chronic and festering crisis in the region, with implications well beyond Israel. If, as many fear, the Israeli takeover of the West Bank is now permanent and irreversible, so may be the broader crisis.

Says Harold H. Saunders, former Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs and a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research: "The U.S. has been operating from the premise that Israel should withdraw from the territory it occupied [in the 1967 war] in exchange for peace and security. Yet Israel is operating from the premise that it will take all the land of the West Bank of the Jordan River. If Israel forecloses a compromise peace in the Middle East, then it guarantees another generation of conflict. Sooner or later we have to ask whether the U.S. is unfailingly committed to protecting Israeli conquest of the West Bank, the Golan Heights and East Jerusalem." It would be a mistake, Saunders believes, to let Yitzhak Shamir, who is likely to replace Begin as Prime Minister, think he can write his own ticket with the U.S., as Begin did. Adds Saunders: "That would mean letting things drift, and when things drift in the Middle East, they get worse."

For the U.S., one of the biggest diplomatic challenges in the region is to launch a dialogue with Syria. Since McFarlane became special envoy last July, there seems to have been as much discussion between Washington and Damascus as during Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy of a decade ago. The Syrians feel they have long been neglected by the U.S., especially concerning their loss of the Golan Heights, which Israel seized from Syria during the 1967 war and has now virtually annexed.

Late last week, as Beirut newspapers published headline stories about an imminent cease-fire, officials in the Lebanese Defense Ministry speculated about how many battalions they could push through training programs before the fighting started again. It was a logical thought for anyone with a knowledge of Lebanese history, since cease-fires are as much a fixture of the national life as the fighting. The Lebanese knew, far better than anyone else, that when the armies grew tired and the circumstances seemed propitious, there would be a cease-fire in Beirut and in the highlands overlooking the Mediterranean. But they also knew that it would be only a cease-fire, and not a peace. ***—By William E. Smith. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington, William Stewart and Roberto Suro/Beirut***

Fighting for Western Values

Amin Gemayel talks about his country and its neighbors

He had spent the afternoon in the besieged mountain town of Suq al Gharb. His head bare, his sleeves rolled up and his flak jacket worn with an almost sporty air, the young President was the fighting image of his embattled country. He told his troops that for the first time "Mohammed and Antoine were behind the same barricade." The Muslim and Christian names that President Amin Gemayel so deftly joined are symbols of what makes Lebanon unique in the Arab world, while the word barricade was a reference to what has often divided this most contentious of nations. After his return to the presidential palace outside Beirut, Gemayel spoke at length with TIME's *Middle East bureau chief, William Stewart. It was his first interview with any U.S. publication in the year since he took office. Stewart's report:*

As we drove up the winding road to the palace for our 10:30 p.m. appointment, the sky suddenly lit up with a great red flash, followed by the roar of big guns. The troops that normally stand guard along the road were in their bunkers. A quick telephone call from the guardpost to the palace confirmed that we were expected, and our car moved on, its lights out. The front entrance of the huge presidential residence, however, was ablaze with light, though even this semblance of normality was shattered by a sudden explosion. Incoming artillery. We dashed inside to be greeted by an imperturbable usher dressed in a blue bomber jacket. "We've had worse," he noted as he called the President's office.

Sheik Amin, as he is known, was sitting alone in his library, a large, comfortable room with red leather furniture and a grand piano. He likes classical music, particularly Beethoven and Wagner, and has had a small music room built beside the palace tennis court. Amin has not been able to play tennis, his favorite sport, for more than three weeks now, and he misses the exercise. Tonight he is in his casual clothes: an open-neck shirt, windbreaker, slacks and black loafers. The trip to the front has been exhausting, but he is lit up, his color high.

A steward brings whisky and soda as Amin reflects on his first year in office. "Every day has been like a year," he says. "Events have not made it easy on me. I've had important responsibilities before, as an M.P. and a member of the [Phalange] party politburo. Then there was the war between the Lebanese militias and the Palestinians." He pauses and runs his hand through his glossy black hair. Like many Lebanese Christians, the President does not consider that Lebanon ever had a civil war. He mentions two great disasters of the 1975-76 war, the destruction of the Palestinian refugee camp at Tel Zaatar and an equally horrifying massacre at Karantina. Then he continues: "Now it is much more difficult. We have foreign armies here: the Israelis, the Syrians and the P.L.O., always the P.L.O. It has been a year of 'to be or not to be.' We have to face two very strong Middle Eastern countries, Israel and Syria, not to mention Iran and Libya. They are strong, and so is their cupidity. [Syria and Israel] are here under the pre-

PETER JORDAN

Gemayel during interview at the presidential palace

"Every day has been like a year."

text that Lebanon is vital to their security."

Amin is interrupted by a loud explosion. There is the unmistakable sound of machine-gun and small-arms fire. By this time we have been joined by Wadi Haddad, the President's national security adviser. He goes to the window, looks out and then returns. No one has made a move for the shelter, where the army has been forcing the President to spend each night.

Amin resumes: "It's been like this since August. I've grown used to it, but I miss my family. Yesterday I went to Bikfaya [the Gemayels' village in the mountain district northeast of Beirut]. It was another world. Did you know my house there had been shelled? My wife was in the room next to where the shell exploded. But of course I can't bring them here. I don't know if any President in the world has been in such a situation."

We talk briefly about the cease-fire negotiations. Then Amin leans forward and, chopping the air for emphasis, he says, "Our target is not the cease-fire. We want one, but it is not our goal. Everyone needs the cease-fire now. It may be destructive for us, but it is for them too. The goal is the withdrawal of all foreign forces. The battle in the mountains has had two aspects. In one sense it has been a sideshow to prevent Lebanon from asking for complete [foreign] withdrawal. In another, I think they wanted to come into Beirut and overthrow the government. Without the army at Suq al Gharb they would have done it. Our army is really only five months old. No one expected them to do so well. I want to tell them, 'You are the most beautiful example for the nation.' "

Amin reminisces about his time as a militia leader, when he was wounded three times. But he quickly drops the subject, turning instead to the future: "Maybe we have to renew our national system to take into account our pluralism. Instead of dividing, it can unite. I am ambitious about this goal. I think that I will be able to find the right formula. This is the *raison d'être* of Lebanon, isn't it? To create this important laboratory for the region. How can you bring Muslims and Jews together in the Middle East if the Lebanese formula for coexistence fails? In Switzerland there are many ethnic groups that could not survive unless they survived together."

Amin was warming to his subject and moved to the edge of the sofa. "You have to know something. People here are attached to a liberal system. This is our national feeling, our genuine feeling. Right now, in Lebanon, Syrians are taking political hostages. You are obliged to collaborate, go underground or leave. Some 'emigrate to the other world' [a grim allusion to assassination]. Foreign intervention in Lebanon is the main problem for the U.S. here. People will back the government that backs a liberal system. We are sincere and genuine in saying that we are talking about the survival of democracy in Lebanon. We are fighting for values, values we have in common with the West. This is what the Syrians want to destroy. Despite what they have stolen from Lebanon, destroyed in Lebanon, siphoned off from Lebanon, the Lebanese pound is still stronger than the Syrian pound, and they can't stand it. Let me tell you, others may try to eat Lebanon, but they will never be able to digest it. You can't govern Lebanon as a dictator. It just won't work."

The talk is interrupted by an important telephone call. Amin answers and listens glumly. Haddad is at the other end of the room on an extension. He too is expressionless. The shells are still exploding outside as the President finally excuses himself, moving to the door with an almost boyish gait. It is midnight, but there is still work to do. ■

THE PHILIPPINES

Running Wild in the Streets

As riots spread, Marcos cracks down and warns of worse to come

Police stop anti-Marcos demonstrators as they approach Presidential Palace

For Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos, Sept. 21 is normally a festive occasion, the annual Day of National Thanksgiving honoring the imposition of martial law in 1972. But the 200,000 demonstrators gathered in Manila's Post Office Square last Wednesday were commemorating another event: the unexplained assassination exactly one month earlier of opposition leader Benigno ("Ninoy") Aquino Jr. The throng shouted antigovernment slogans and cheered as speaker after speaker called on Marcos, 66, to resign after 17 years of rule. The rally ended peacefully in the late afternoon, but by evening things had turned ugly. Several thousand angry students and left-wing militants converged on Mendiola Bridge, site of violent clashes 13 years ago, where they encountered a phalanx of riot police. In the ensuing battle, ten people died, about 200 were wounded, and scores were arrested.

As cooler heads sought to open a dialogue between the beleaguered President and his moderate opponents, the spreading turmoil raised fears that events were veering dangerously out of control. The galvanizing shock of Aquino's murder had produced a national outpouring of anti-Marcos sentiment; opposition leaders vowed that the protests would continue until democracy is restored; an official investigation into the killing had ground to a halt; the country was mired in its worst economic crisis since Marcos came to power. While the challenges mounted, Marcos stiffened; at one point he even implicitly threatened to reimpose martial law. "Do not force my hand," he warned in a nationally televised speech. "Do not compel me to move into the extreme measures that you know of."

The unrest prompted some serious soul searching in Washington. President Reagan is expected to stop in the Philippines during a five-nation swing through East Asia now scheduled for Nov. 2 to Nov. 16. The chaotic aftermath of Aquino's death, however, has raised questions about Reagan's personal safety during the visit, and about the political wisdom of appearing to endorse the faltering and increasingly unpopular Marcos. White House planners canceled the outdoor events on the President's proposed agenda in the Philippines, and they also reduced the duration of his visit from two nights to one. But they stopped short of canceling the trip, partly for fear of jeopardizing the strategic U.S. military facilities in the Philippines: Clark Air Base, 50 miles north of Manila, and the big naval facility at Subic Bay. "As of this moment," said State Department Spokesman John Hughes late last week, stressing the qualification, "he is going."

A victim of police clubs

The week began peacefully enough in Manila. The government had purposely avoided head-on confrontation with opposition demonstrators and had even tried to steal some of their thunder by staging a rally of its own in Makati, Metro Manila's financial district. A special bulletin signed by the vice governor of the Metropolitan Manila Commission (Imelda Marcos, the President's powerful, unpopular wife, is the governor) was distributed to commission employees. "Attendance is a must," it decreed. "Record of attendance must be submitted to personnel management ... Do not wear uniforms."

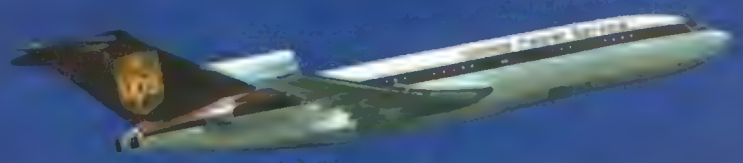
The rally was an ill-timed disaster. Some 2,000 ostensibly loyal demonstrators turned up Tuesday as ordered, bearing WE LOVE MARCOS banners and chanting the President's name. Suddenly, pro-Aquino spectators along the parade route set fire to several official banners, and waved others proclaiming WE ARE STILL FOR NINOY. Shouts of "Marcos! Marcos!" suddenly became shouts of "Ninoy! Ninoy!" as some marchers dared to bolt from the pro-Marcos ranks. The few groups who genuinely supported the President were pelted with coins, eggs and rocks from surrounding office buildings. The gathering broke up only after Makati's mayor, Nemisio Yabut, the main speaker, was silenced by loud boos from the audience and by a well-aimed water bag from an upper-story window. To many analysts, the rally was more than a comedy of errors; it was something of a watershed, because it showed that Marcos may have lost the support of the middle class.

The Makati debacle was only a taste of what was to come. The next day, Filipinos from all walks of life poured into the Post Office Square after gathering in four Roman Catholic churches. In defiance of the regime, organizers billed it as a Day of National Sorrow in Aquino's memory. Standing under a Philippine flag at half-mast, representatives of the moderate opposition, the church, labor unions and Aquino's family demanded Marcos' resignation. Declared José Diokno, a former Senator and human rights leader who was imprisoned with Aquino in the 1970s: "This day marks the beginning of the end for Marcos."

The rally's organizers actively discouraged violence, and most of the demonstrators followed their lead. Police were under orders to exercise "maximum tolerance" and made a show of displaying empty holsters (though eyewitnesses saw some officers with revolvers tucked

Imelda Marcos comforts the wounded

Events veering dangerously out of control.



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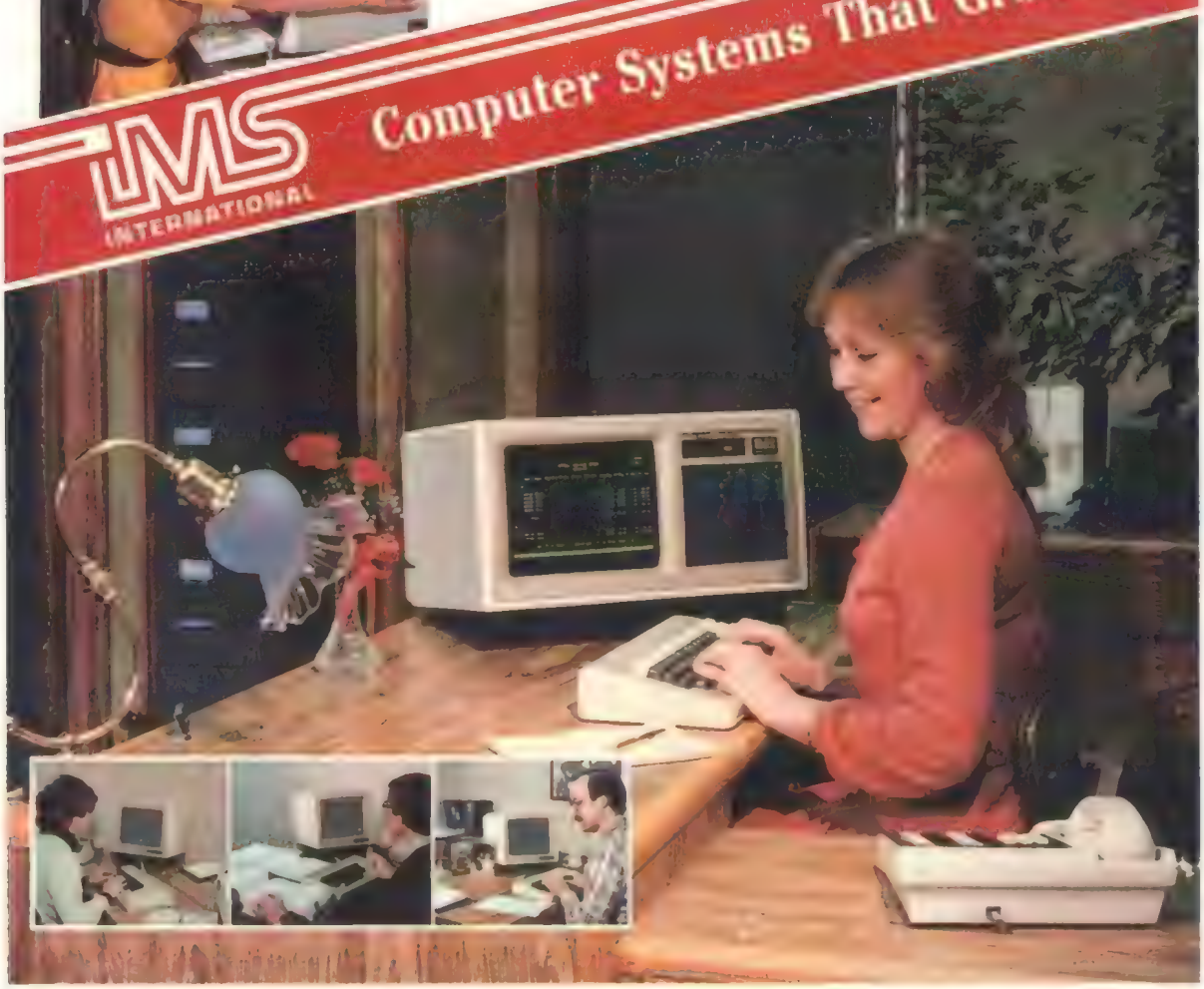

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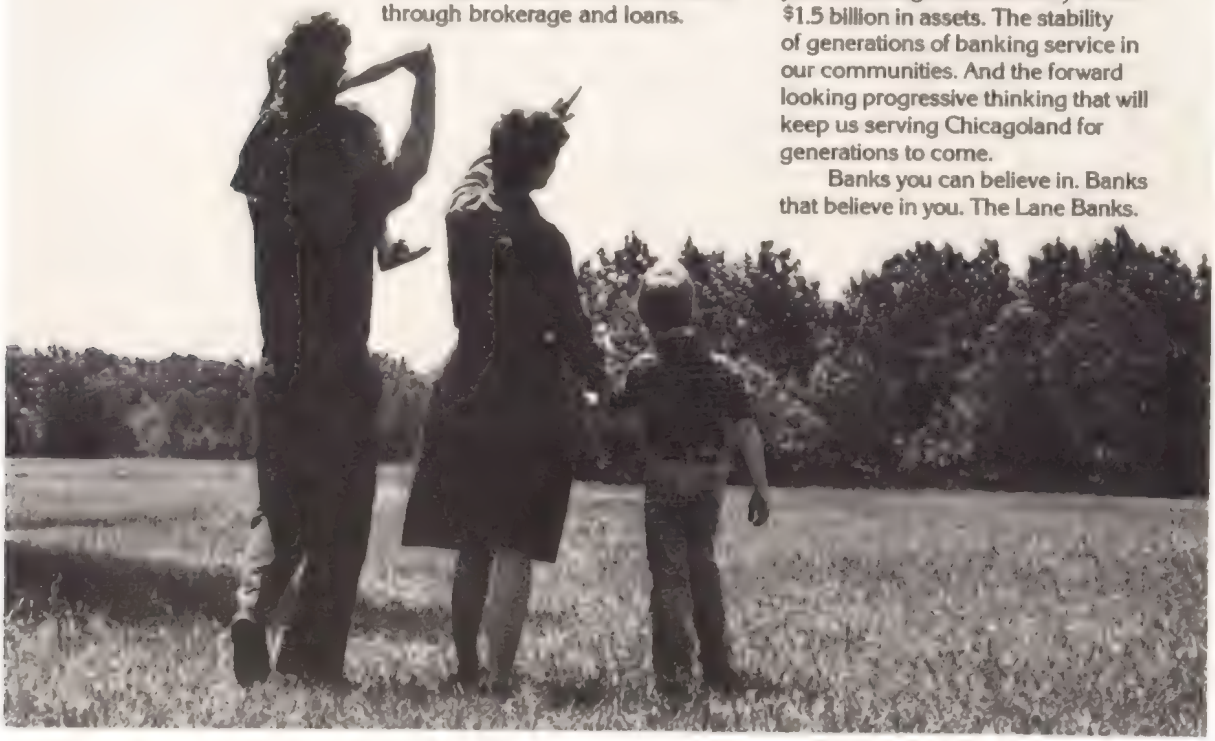

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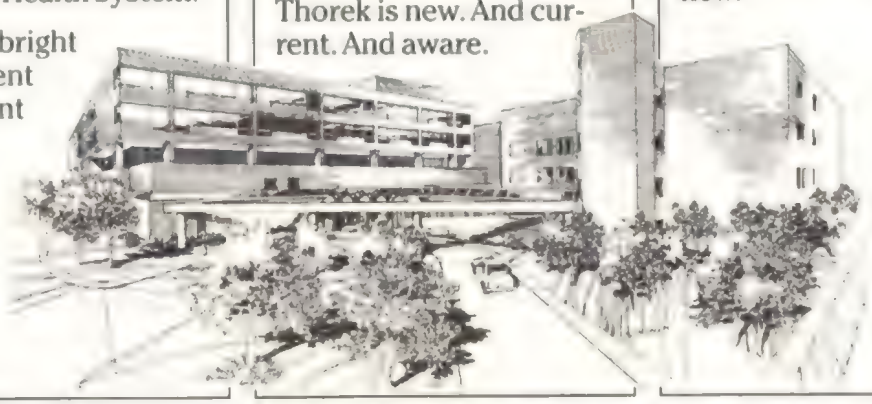

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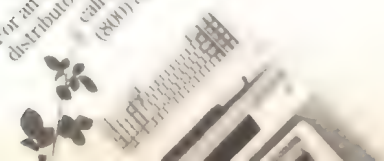

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in their belts). Initially, the confrontation with the small groups of young militants seeking a "dialogue" was good-natured, but it did not last. As the first barrages of stones were hurled, the students advanced toward the bridge. Police retaliated with a rain of homemade "pillboxes" (small foil packets containing gunpowder and nails). But the students succeeded in setting fire to the makeshift police barricade consisting of one crane and two buses. After several charges, police opened fire; the fighting spread to the surrounding streets and lasted through much of the night. The police used truncheons and pistols; the rioters used stones and took up a collection among bystanders to buy gasoline for Molotov cocktails.

Marcos last week

In his television speech the next day, Marcos threatened a crackdown. "We will not allow anarchy to rule," he said, adding that he held "the opposition and its leaders" responsible for the disturbances. His opponents responded in kind. A group called Justice for Aquino, Justice for All (JAJA) issued a statement declaring that "responsibility for the violence that rocked Manila last night rests solely on the government. The government created the economic crisis and the political uncertainty that generated the anger and protest that broke out when Ninoy Aquino was assassinated."

Meantime, the protests continued. On Friday, as a large group of peaceful demonstrators marched through the financial district, police acting under tough new orders waded in with tear gas and clubs. At about the same time, a crowd of more than 2,000 demonstrators marched peacefully toward the U.S. embassy to protest American support of Marcos; police broke up the march with similar methods. The next day, a fragmentation grenade ripped through the stage at a beauty pageant in Davao city, 600 miles southeast of Manila, killing at least twelve people. It was not immediately clear who was responsible.

Even amid last week's chaos, there were efforts to open a productive dialogue. Jaime Cardinal Sin, the Archbishop of Manila and an outspoken critic of Marcos, called for the formation of a National Reconciliation Council made up of representatives from the government, the church, the opposition and the private sector. He further sought free elections, a free press and release of political prisoners. Sin described his proposal as the last chance to avoid a "bloody revolution." Marcos dismissed the growing unrest as a transitory aberration, but he asked for a meeting with Sin to discuss the proposal.

The Philippine President also appeared several times on U.S. network television, via satellite, in an effort to assuage U.S. concern about the Reagan visit. From Marcos' viewpoint, the visit is essential. The Philippines, like many other Third World nations, is deeply in debt to Western banks. Aquino's murder and the subsequent unrest came at a time of sharp economic slump and widespread rumors that Marcos is seriously ill. The result has been a palpable case of nerves among Manila's Western creditors. If Reagan were to take Manila off his itinerary, said Marcos, "it would be a blow to the country, because we have a ticklish monetary situation."

As he struggled with last week's upheavals, Marcos showed no evidence of serious illness. He looked old and tired. But he also seemed determined to stay in power. It remains to be seen whether he can continue to be in control. As one diplomat puts it, "At the moment the situation is still retrievable, but it will not be that way for much longer." —*By Jay D. Palmer.*

Reported by Sandra Burton and Nelly Sindayen/Manila

As Filipinos demand Marcos' resignation, demonstrators raise an effigy in a coffin

"Do not force my hand," the President warned in a nationally televised speech

ISRAEL

Job Offer

Shamir gets the nod

The phone call from President Chaim Herzog came at precisely 8:45 a.m. last Wednesday. Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir was alone in his office in Jerusalem. Would he be free to stop over at noon? asked Herzog. Certainly, responded Shamir. To an aide who joined him a few minutes later, Shamir remarked happily, "Every few years my career takes a turn, and it's always up."

The phone call meant that Shamir, 67, would almost certainly succeed Menachem Begin, who announced on Aug. 28 that he planned to resign as Prime Minister of Israel. Shamir, who had been chosen to be leader of the Likud bloc when Begin stepped down, had managed to secure the support of all 64 members of Begin's outgoing coalition. Israeli law required Herzog to consult with representatives of parties in the Knesset, but there was never much doubt that he would ultimately ask Shamir to form the new government.

Shamir

So he did. Shamir now has 21 days to complete his negotiations. He is permitted a 21-day extension, but he probably will not need it. Said Foreign Ministry Spokesman Avi Pazner: "He's got it practically wrapped up. The other partners won't make new demands." First, however, the Prime Minister–designate must make a pro forma effort to put together a government of national unity with the opposition Labor Party, a condition that some members of his coalition stipulated as the price of their support to give the government more authority to deal with Israel's pressing foreign and economic problems. Given its ideological differences with Likud, it is not seriously expected that Labor will come aboard.

While Shamir was gathering the reins of power, one of his more prominent colleagues, former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, was making an apparent power play of his own. Ever since his demotion last February to Minister Without Portfolio, Sharon has blamed the press for inciting criticism of the war in Lebanon. Last week, speaking before a small crowd in a Jerusalem mall, Sharon called Israeli journalists "hypocrites" and "masters of self-destruction." Warming to his subject, he shouted to his audience, "Who are the news media?" To which the crowd responded, "P.L.O.! P.L.O.!" The National Press Association retaliated with a statement describing Sharon's attacks on the press as "clear evidence of his desire for totalitarianism." Most observers believed that his outburst was part of an open campaign to return to the Likud bloc's inner circle. For now, the tactic seemed to have backfired. ■

Mothers of "disappeared" citizens during a 24-hour protest in front of the presidential palace

ARGENTINA

Self-Amnesty

A military pardon

It was a haunting reminder to a government all too anxious to forget. On walls, trees and newspaper kiosks around Buenos Aires last week, 30,000 painted human silhouettes were pasted up; each bore the name and age of one of the more than 6,000 civilians who disappeared during the 1970s, apparently at the hands of the ruthless military. Then the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo, the group that has tenaciously been protesting those disappearances for six years, launched a special 24-hour march of resistance. As onlookers applauded, 5,000 protesters marched amid a sea of waving banners, crying, "We want them back!" Even when youths insulted and spat on police, the officials did not strike back. But on the following day the three-man military junta exacted its revenge: a 15-point Law of National Pacification, in which the military sought to erase forever the embarrassing memory of its actions.

Under the new law, the junta nullified all penal actions against both dissidents and the military who brutally suppressed them in Argentina's infamous "dirty war." The dissidents, however, have already been punished with a vengeance: most of them vanished during the dirty war. In effect, the military was absolving itself of its earlier atrocities. It even declared that anyone associated with those crimes could never in the future be "interrogated, investigated, cited or confronted." The umbrella law also applies to those who have already been convicted, including some 200 members of the armed forces.

The so-called pacification law was the third attempt by the military to impose national amnesia. Last November it disingenuously urged Argentines to show "greatness of spirit" so as to "attain national unity." Translation: the next civilian government should refrain from investigating military crimes. That clumsy ploy was ridiculed into oblivion. Last April the junta tried again, publishing a "final document" in which it simply declared that those who disappeared were legally and administratively dead. Explaining that any "excesses" committed by the government were purely in the line of duty, the government did not bother even to account for individual cases. Again, the maneuver provoked national and international outrage.

But with national elections scheduled for Oct. 30, the junta is apparently becoming more desperate. The law has been constructed so that the courts cannot question its provisions and an incoming civilian government cannot reverse the blanket amnesty it grants. Nonetheless, most election candidates rejected the law. Italo Luder of the Peronists and Raul Alfonsin of the Radicals confidently promised to repeal it, if elected. Said Argentine Novelist Ernesto Sabato: "I think that this is the only case in the history of international law in which the guilty dictate a law exonerating themselves."

Whatever the outcome, the struggle is sure to continue. As the military strives to erase the past, the public seems determined neither to forgive nor to forget.

Last week's march of resistance was one of a number of signs of unrest in Argentina. In recent weeks an estimated 2 million wage earners (out of a total of less than 10 million) have gone on strike. In part at least, all of them share the credo expressed by the Mothers of Plaza de Mayo four years ago to the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights: "We have to understand the truth, otherwise a shadow of sadness will forever hang over the descendants of this shattered generation." ■

CENTRAL AMERICA

Lucky Catch

Maintaining the hard line

In the Reagan Administration's uphill struggle to win congressional approval for its controversial actions in Central America, the meeting counted as a decisive victory. After several hours of closed-door sessions with the Senate Intelligence Committee, CIA Director William Casey and Secretary of State George Shultz emerged with what seemed to be a strong endorsement of one of the Administration's most hotly contested policies: providing aid to guerrilla opponents of the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua as a means of checking that country's efforts to aid leftist insurgents in El Salvador. The proposal must now go before a far more hostile House of Representatives, but the Senators' warm response raised White House hopes that it would eventually be approved.

The tough Administration line was emphasized by details of a new, classified Defense Department planning memorandum leaked last week. It called for expanded U.S. operations in South America and Central America, which may include more U.S. advisers and training bases in the area. In addition, the Joint Chiefs of Staff will lead a review of "force structure and basing requirements" in the region.

As a further signal of the Administration's determination to maintain a hard line against Central American leftists, the State Department last week denied a visa to Rubén Zamora, a relatively moderate member of the F.D.R.-F.M.L.N. coalition that is fighting the Salvadoran government. Zamora, who has made frequent visits to Washington to woo members of Congress and has met in the past months with U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone, had been invited to speak in the U.S. The Administration's excuse was that Zamora had publicly welcomed the killing of a U.S. military adviser in El Salvador last May. In fact, Zamora had only said, "If the United States was not so deeply involved in El Salvador, such incidents would not happen."

Zamora

Meanwhile, the Administration could be heartened by the results of some investigative reporting in Nicaragua. Newsmen visiting an island near a small fishing village on the northwestern coast, just 40 miles from the Salvadoran border, uncovered the remains of what appears to have been a depot for smuggling arms to guerrillas in El Salvador, including a Sandinista army banner, rifle shell casings and a radio antenna. The discovery buttressed U.S. claims that Nicaragua routinely supplies the Salvadoran rebels by boat across the Gulf of Fonseca. ■

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RENAULT

THE ONE TO WATCH

Marc Rich's Road to Riches

A wily oil trader is charged with America's biggest tax fraud

Only a year ago, hardly anyone outside the close-knit world of commodities trading would have recognized the name Marc Rich. Obsessively reclusive, Rich kept his billion-dollar business behind frosted glass. But now Rich is on his way to becoming infamous as a white-collar fugitive. After 18 months of investigation, a grand jury in Manhattan last week accused Rich and some of his associates of evading at least $48 million in U.S. income taxes. U.S. attorneys called the case "the largest tax-evasion scheme ever prosecuted."

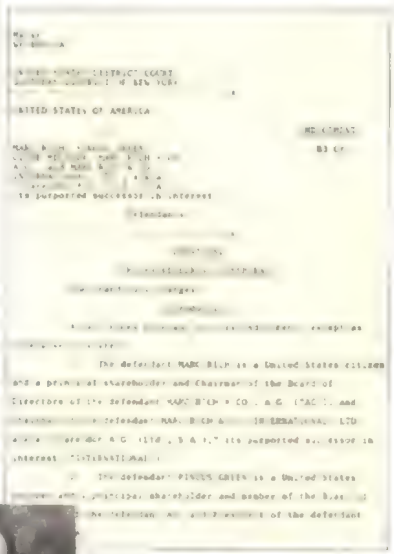
Government investigators filed 51 separate criminal charges against Rich and his partner, Pincus ("Pinky") Green, both 49. The men face long prison terms if found guilty on all counts. But the two may first have to be extradited in order to stand trial. Rich and Green fled New York City about three months ago and are believed to be living near the Alpine town of Zug, Switzerland, the headquarters of their commodities firm, Marc Rich & Co. AG.

Justice Department attorneys say Rich and Green created a racket in which their company earned at least $71 million by selling crude oil at several times the Government-regulated price during 1980 and '81. Then they allegedly shipped the money out of the U.S. to escape income taxes. The 1981 tax return for their U.S. subsidiary, for example, declares profits of only $2.4 million, but the Government estimates its earnings were at least $50 million more. While sifting through hundreds of thousands of Rich's business records, federal agents also uncovered evidence to accuse Rich and Green of violating a presidential embargo by purchasing oil from the Khomeini regime during the 1980 hostage crisis.

The formal charges of racketeering, conspiracy, tax evasion, mail fraud, wire fraud and trading with the enemy could earn Rich and Green prison sentences totaling 325 years each, fines of more than $500,000 and confiscation of millions of dollars in assets. One of Rich's holdings is a co-ownership in 20th Century-Fox, which his company controls jointly with Denver Oilman Marvin Davis.

Marc Rich is one of the shrewdest and most successful commodity traders in the world. Acquaintances estimate his personal fortune at up to $1 billion. After starting his own firm in 1974 with about $5 million in seed money, Rich built a group of companies that last year traded some $10 billion worth of such commodities as oil, gold, aluminum, sulfur and sugar.

Rich, who is married and has three daughters, came to the U.S. as a child, fleeing Nazi persecution of Jews in Belgium. His father David worked in a Manhattan burlap-bag factory to put Rich through the private Rhodes School, where



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The defendant MARC RICH is a United States citizen

The trader in Zug, the indictment

he earned a B-minus average and presided over the French club. An indifferent student at New York University, Rich quit to pursue commodities trading for the Philipp Bros. firm.

Rich proved himself a prodigy at buying and selling grains and metals. One of his biggest market coups came during the Arab oil embargo of 1973-74, when he used his Middle Eastern contacts to circumvent the embargo and buy crude oil from Iran and Iraq. After purchasing the crude for roughly $12 per bbl., Rich doubled the price and sold it to supply-starved U.S. oil companies. Successes like that inflated Rich's already ample ego, and in 1974 he and Co-Worker Green set up their own company.

While the two men are close business partners, they have widely differing styles. Rich, the more urbane, until recently maintained a Park Avenue apartment and a house on Long Island, while Green lived in a white stucco house in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn.

Rich and Green built their company into a trading empire with an estimated 1,000 employees in 40 offices around the world, and their market exploits continued apace. In 1981, for example, Rich reportedly helped the Malaysian national tin company mastermind a scheme to boost the price of the metal by buying up much of the world's supply and stockpiling it. The ploy proved to be a roller coaster. Initially it reaped huge profits for Rich, then it brought him losses when the U.S. Government sold tin from its stockpiles and forced down the price.

From the time Rich went on his own, commodity-trading insiders were suspicious. For one thing, he broke an industry taboo by wantonly raiding his former employer for dozens of traders. For another, he put his headquarters in discreet Switzerland while actually operating mainly out of his New York City subsidiary. Says one trader: "In the business, we felt there was some hanky-panky under way."

According to the indictment, crimes indeed took place. In 1980 and '81, Rich's domestic company and two Texas firms, West Texas Marketing of Abilene and Listo Petroleum of Houston, carried out an oil-laundering and profit-hiding scheme. In the first step of the process, Rich allegedly went to domestic producers and bought crude oil that had Government-controlled prices as low as $5 per bbl. Rich then supplied the oil to the Texas firms at the legal price. The Texas companies, according to federal officials, laundered the crude through a series of purchases so that it was difficult for Government regulators to trace the oil's origin. Then the Texans sold it back to Marc Rich's New York subsidiary at a profit as high as $20 per bbl. Marc Rich then sold the laundered crude to American oil companies at the higher price. Finally, according to the indictment, a secret arrangement required the two Texas companies, after taking their cut, to return more than $70 million in illegal profits to Marc Rich's headquarters in Switzerland.

One of the most serious charges against Rich and Green in last week's indictment is that during the hostage crisis in Iran they bought 6.2 million bbl. of crude worth $200 million from the National Iranian Oil Co.

Apparently tipped off to the oil-shuffling scheme by Texas traders, the FBI

began looking into Marc Rich's dealings in late 1981. As the case progressed, two key officials emerged: Federal Judge Leonard Sand, an imposing, white-bearded figure who has repeatedly been outraged at Rich's maneuvers, and Assistant U.S. Attorney Morris Weinberg Jr., who leads a prosecuting team comprising agents of the FBI, Treasury Department, Internal Revenue Service and Customs Service.

In April 1982, Rich refused to comply with a grand jury's request for documents from his headquarters, arguing that as a Swiss company, the firm was immune to the order. After more than a year of endless motions and appeals, Judge Sand retaliated in late June by ordering Rich to pay a $50,000-a-day contempt fine. Before payments were suspended two weeks ago, Rich's company had paid $3.8 million in fines. In an apparent ploy to escape further fines, Rich and Green in early August secretly sold their U.S. subsidiary to other officers in the firm and changed its name to Clarendon Ltd.

When the sale became known, a furious Judge Sand threatened to freeze $55 million worth of the company's assets in the U.S. Rich then promised to deliver the contested documents. But only three days later, U.S. Customs officers, apparently acting on a tip from a mole inside the Marc Rich subsidiary, stopped a Swissair jet just as it was taxiing to take off from New York's John F. Kennedy Airport for Zurich. Aboard the plane were two steamer trunks full of Rich's documents.

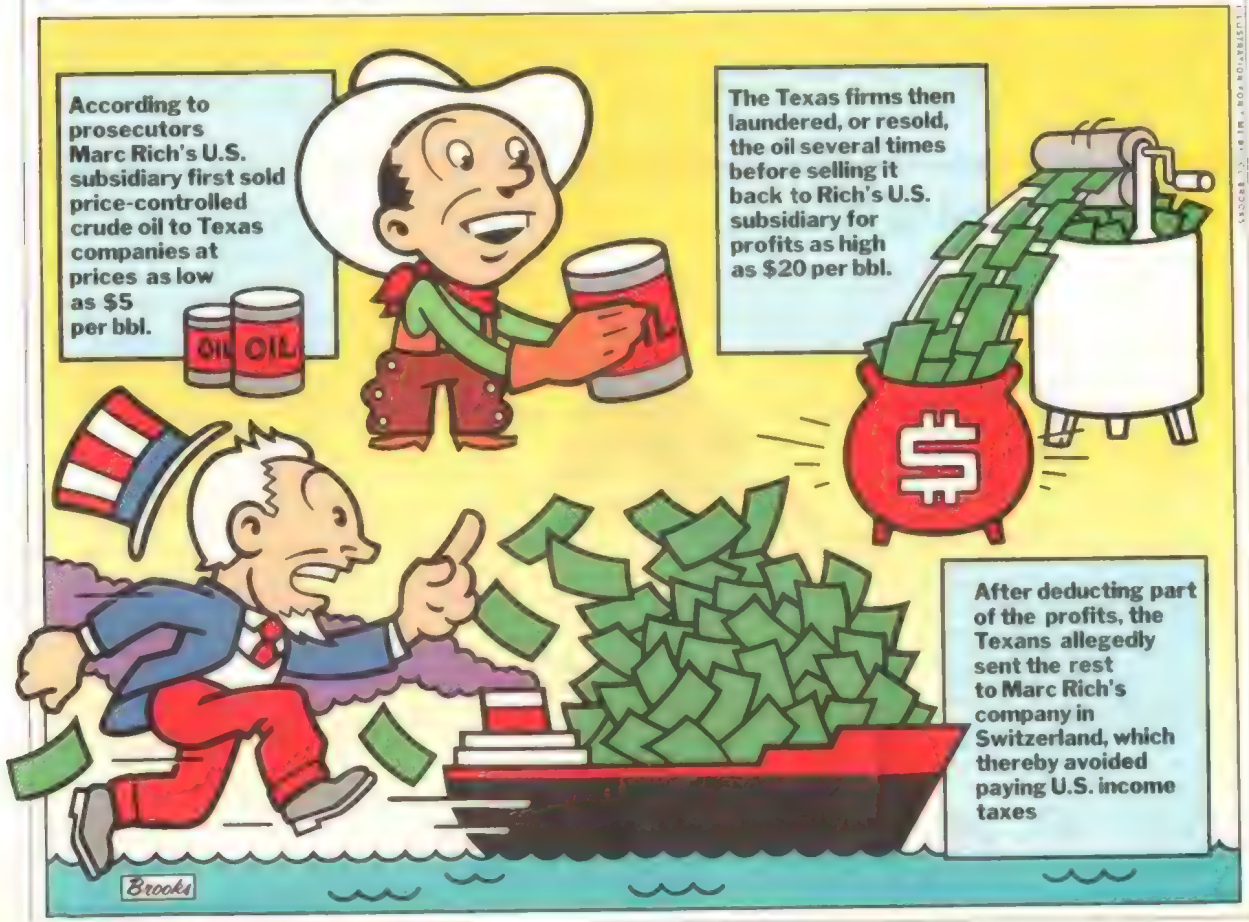
The Rich case has been complicated by an ongoing struggle between U.S. courts and Switzerland. Judge Sand has insisted that the courts had the right to Rich's documents, but Swiss officials said that they were protected by that country's famed business-secrecy laws. After the U.S. attempted to get the Rich documents, Swiss officials seized many papers at Rich's headquarters in Zug to keep them from the Americans. Justice Department attorneys claim that the documents contain "golden nuggets" that would enable them to prove twice as much tax evasion as is currently charged. The Swiss have yet to decide whether they will extradite Rich and Green.

Even if they cannot get Rich and Green, U.S. attorneys plan to prosecute Rich's Swiss and U.S. companies and one of Rich's associates in the Listo scheme, Clyde Meltzer, 38, of New York City. Meltzer is expected to appear in court for arraignment this week.

For the time being, Rich and Green apparently remain in the corporate-tax-haven canton of Zug. Rich's company is well known there for its blue-tinted, steel-and-glass structure, which has been nicknamed "the Dallas building" after the American TV show. Zug's business community, which resents U.S. meddling, has shown some sympathy for Rich.

U.S. commodities traders, on the other hand, are less understanding. Some believe the Rich episode may arouse popular support for more Government scrutiny of their industry. Says Stefan Eliel, vice president of Associated Metals & Minerals: "Most of the commodities merchants in the U.S. were traditionally looked upon as something close to shysters. Marc Rich has already been a serious setback to us all, particularly as that image had improved."

Rich, though, has more things to consider than just his image. Hoping to return to the U.S., he reportedly tried without success recently to plea bargain with federal officials for a prison term of four to five years in exchange for a halt to the probe. The Justice Department turned down the deal. Now U.S. officials believe Rich may be preparing to abandon the U.S. forever. The globetrotting trader, who once lived in Madrid, is believed to have sought Spanish citizenship. But Spain might provide only temporary refuge. Eventually Rich may have to decide whether to face U.S. authorities or to spend his life on the run. —*By Stephen Koepp. Reported by Bruce van Voorst/New York*



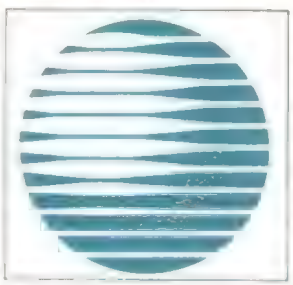
Humpty Dumpty

Putting A T & T together again

What will the 930 million shares of American Telephone and Telegraph be worth after the Jan. 1 breakup of the company? That is no idle question for the 3.2 million stockholders who make A T & T the most widely held firm. Because of its steady and solid dividends ($5.40 per share during the past year), Ma Bell has long been called the perfect investment for widows and orphans. Last week A T & T closed at $66.75. But the future course of the company after its dismemberment looks murky, and many bewildered shareholders are wondering whether they should buy, sell or hold. Says Ernest Liu, senior analyst at Goldman, Sachs: "The confusion over A T & T stock within the investing community is worse than I've ever experienced."

The 75% of A T & T's stockholders who own between ten and 500 shares face the biggest dilemma. Under terms of the divestiture agreement, they will keep their shares of the parent company, and in addition be given one share in each of the seven regional operating companies for every ten shares of A T & T stock they have. Thus someone with 100 shares of A T & T, worth $6,675 last week, would acquire another ten shares each in new companies with such unfamiliar names as Pacific Telesis and Ameritech. Those with fewer than ten A T & T shares will be given cash instead of partial shares in the operating companies.

Owning a piece of so many phone firms could perplex the savviest investor. "A lot of people can't even pronounce the names of the new companies," observes Neal Swearingen, a vice president at E.F. Hutton. Shareholders will have eight annual reports to read and eight 1099 tax forms to file. Even worse, selling stock in the operating companies will be expensive because brokers charge a premium for transactions under 100 shares.



Now some of Wall Street's biggest firms are forming trust funds that will take over the management of an individual's A T & T shares. The trusts are nicknamed "Humpty-Dumpty funds" because they try to put A T & T stock back together again after the breakup. Under the plans, shareholders can exchange their A T & T stock for shares in one of the funds. By combining the shares of all eight companies into one security, the funds make it easier for stockholders to hedge their investment bets. In addition, the broker handles all the paperwork, so the stockholder gets only one dividend check a month instead of eight checks every three months. All this convenience comes at a price, however. Brokers are currently charging a fee of 1.5% for the service, and the rate will go up to 3% after Jan. 1.

Merrill Lynch's Equity Income Fund First Exchange Series, the first of the Humpty-Dumpty funds, has already attracted 6 million shares from 20,000 customers. Explains Merrill Lynch Vice President Norman Schvey: "The fund is a holding operation until the dust clears. What the investor gains is a chance to think."

A T & T shareholders who want to extend their investment reach beyond the basic telephone business have another option. Last week Prudential-Bache formed a new mutual fund that allows them to trade in their stock for shares in a new telecommunications fund. The fund plans to sell off 90% of the phone company shares and invest the proceeds in such businesses as satellite communications.

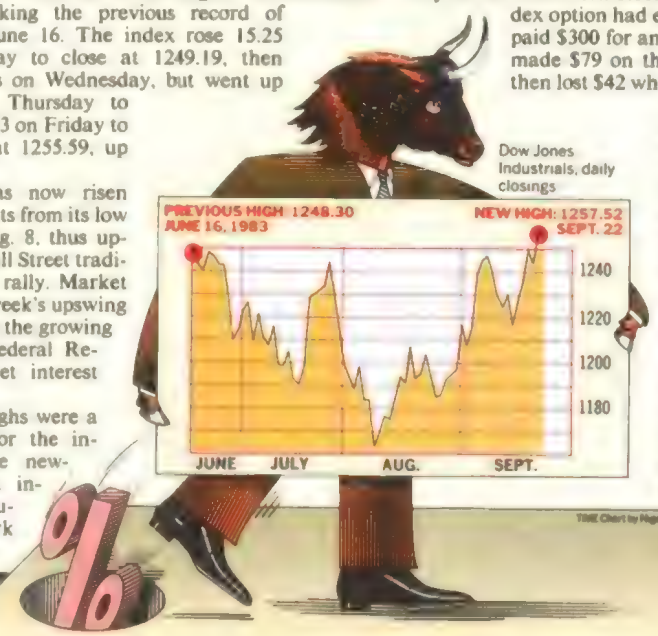
A T & T has its own program for those who want to change the makeup of their phone company holdings. Beginning next year it will permit investors to sell their shares in one or more of the seven operating companies and use the proceeds to buy shares in the others. Charge for the service: 25¢ per share. For the short term, many analysts are advising Ma Bell's widows and orphans to wait until next year to get a clearer view of the new companies and gain a better idea of where they want to invest their money. ■

From Record to Record

After wilting during much of the summer, the stock market began autumn last week with an auspicious performance. The Dow Jones industrial average twice established new highs, breaking the previous record of 1248.30 set on June 16. The index rose 15.25 points on Tuesday to close at 1249.19, then slipped 5.9 points on Wednesday, but went up 14.23 points on Thursday to 1257.52. It slid 1.93 on Friday to finish the week at 1255.59, up 29.88 points.

The Dow has now risen more than 90 points from its low of 1163.06 on Aug. 8, thus upholding an old Wall Street tradition: the summer rally. Market analysts say last week's upswing was due largely to the growing belief that the Federal Reserve will now let interest rates fall slightly.

The record highs were a good backdrop for the introduction of the newest stock market investment instrument: New York Stock Exchange index options. These allow an investor to speculate on general market trends by buying or selling an option on the value of the 1,505 stocks traded on the New York exchange. Stock index options, which were first introduced in the Chicago exchange in March 1983, went on sale last Friday for the New York Stock Exchange index. If the stock index option had existed last Tuesday, a trader who paid $300 for an option worth $9,709 would have made $79 on the market increase that day, but then lost $42 when stocks fell on Wednesday.



Wall Street analysts were divided, as usual, over whether the market was starting a new push upward or would slip back. Monte Gordon, vice president and director of research for the Dreyfus financial group sees more records ahead. Said he: "I think you can expect to reach the 1275 level in the middle or the end of October." But some other seers were worried about large federal deficits and higher interest rates. Said David Jones, senior vice president of Aubrey G. Lanston & Co.: "I think the market has run out of steam and won't do much better than 1250, at least by the end of the year."

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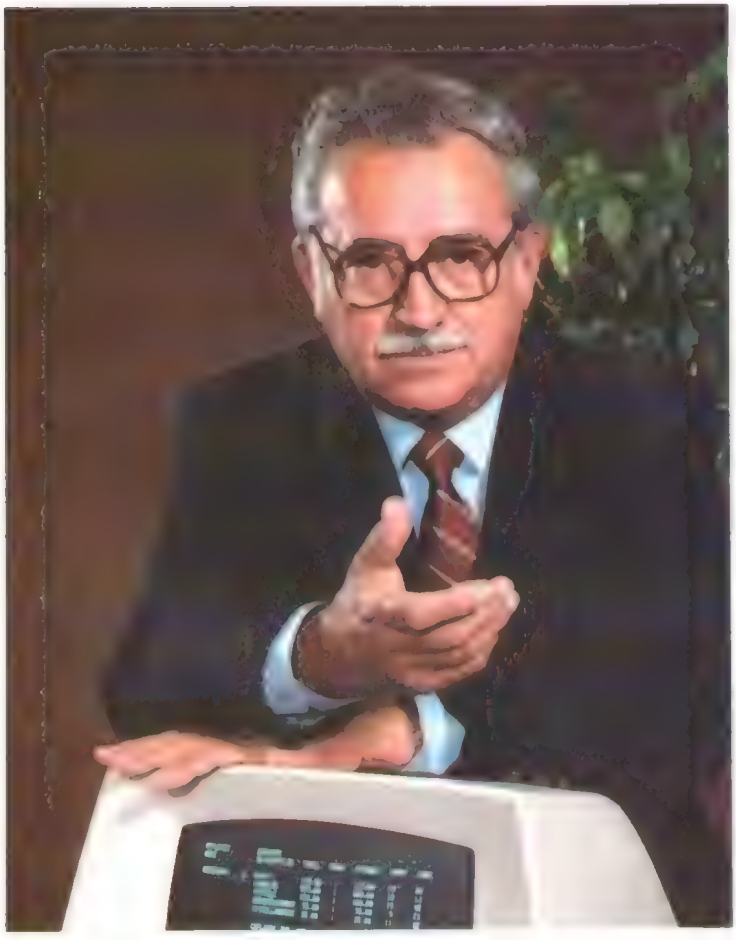

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By Joe Dale

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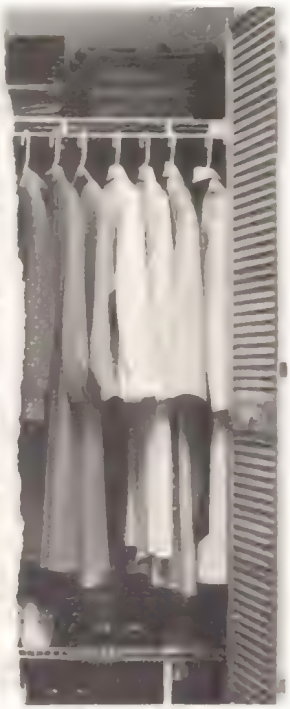

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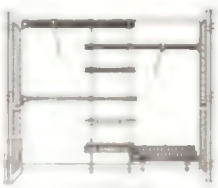

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CHC/16

The Democrats Tout a New Tonic

Industrial policy becomes a hot presidential campaign issue

Industrial policy. The term sounds as if it might be the title of a dense academic tome, of interest to only the most diligent of scholars. To the contrary, industrial policy has suddenly become a centerpiece for ringing political speeches and a lightning rod for public debate. It is extolled as a salvation for the U.S. economy and denounced as a step toward socialism. Most Democratic presidential candidates have endorsed some form of industrial policy, hoping to use it as a springboard to the White House. Critics call it "Democratic supply-side economics."

But while President Reagan's supply-side strategy revolved around a simple program of tax cuts, calls for industrial policy are a collage of complex ideas that have yet to take a definite, agreed-upon shape. "It is like modern art. It means

Harvard's Reich wants strings on federal aid

Some 30 bills are percolating in Congress.

something different to everyone," admits Felix Rohatyn, a New York City investment banker and one of the early prophets of industrial policy. Rohatyn proposes a new Reconstruction Finance Corporation, patterned on the agency created during the Depression to make loans to industries. Politicians have many things in mind when they advocate industrial policy. Former Vice President Walter Mondale talks vaguely of cooperation among Government, business and labor to "restructure whole industries." Senator Gary Hart favors tax credits to help companies retrain workers, while Senator Alan Cranston supports a Government development bank that would give loans to basic industries like steel. The common theme of all the industrial-policy advocates is that the Government must play a more active role in helping industries meet the challenge of foreign competition.

Some 30 industrial-policy bills are percolating in Congress. Democratic Congressman Stanley Lundine of New York has introduced legislation to set up a national industrial-development bank and a council composed of representatives from Government, business, labor and the public that would, among other things, suggest a strategy for targeting federal aid. Senator Edward Kennedy heads a task force of Senate Democrats that is expected to unveil its proposals by November.

Labor unions are pushing industrial policy with all their political power. Says Howard Samuel, president of the industrial-union department of the AFL-CIO: "The high unemployment rates rocking this nation and the staggering inroads that imports continue to make in our domestic markets have created a sense of great urgency for a national industrial policy." Growing numbers of business executives, particularly those whose companies are most threatened by foreign competitors, are taking up the cause. Says Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca: "Industrial policy is not just a Democratic ploy."

Many businessmen and economists, however, are skeptical. They fear that a Government development bank might become a bottomless Santa's bag that would provide goodies for those with political clout. Federal aid might prop up inefficient companies and prevent the shift of resources to more dynamic firms. Instead of strengthening the economy, opponents charge, industrial policy would preserve the status quo. Says Harvard Economist Lawrence Summers: "Industrial policy is chiropractic economics. At best, it would be ineffectual. At worst, it would be a wrenching experience."

Some economists, including Lawrence Klein of the University of Pennsylvania and Lester Thurow of M.I.T., cite Japan as a nation that has used industrial policy effectively. The Japanese government singles out promising companies for special aid and allows failing industries to shrink. Says George Lodge of the Harvard Business School: "The Japanese have achieved a consensus on a national strategy." Other experts, like Arthur Denzau, an economics professor at Washington University in St. Louis, argue that industrial policy has been much less important to Japan's success than the country's vigorous domestic competition, its educational emphasis on industrial engineering and its low tax rates.

Outside Japan, industrial policy has often had dismal results. For many years, West European nations have poured vast amounts of aid into their steel industries, which yet remain weak and inefficient. Says Economist Melvyn Krauss of New York University: "Subsidies encourage stagnation and retard adjustment."

Robert Reich, a lecturer at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government and the author of the leading book on industrial policy, *The Next American Frontier*, contends that critics are missing the point. The U.S. already has policies that favor some industries over others, he says, but the programs are unplanned, haphazard and incoherent. The aerospace industry, for example, receives 70% of its research and development money from the Government, but pharmaceutical companies get less than 2%. Observes John Ong, chairman of B.F. Goodrich: "Right now, U.S. industrial policy is arrived at by adversary special-interest bargaining on Capitol Hill. There may be a better way."

Rather than dispense financial favors in an almost random fashion with no strings attached, Reich says, the Government should use aid as a lever to make industries more competitive. A steel company might qualify for help only if workers took pay cuts and managers agreed to modernize plants. In that way, Reich maintains, industrial policy would not encourage companies to be complacent

Wall Street's Rohatyn favors a new RFC

Companies hurt by imports call for help.

but could instead force them to change.

Reich's critics concede that the Government has a raft of politically motivated policies that distort the workings of the economy. But they fear a formal industrial strategy would only make a bad situation worse. Says Kenneth McLennan, a vice president of the Committee for Economic Development, a private research group: "The present hodgepodge of intervention doesn't justify more intervention."

Industrial-policy advocates admit that it will go nowhere unless the Democrats win the White House. President Reagan staunchly opposes increased Government intervention in the economy. Administration political strategists are hoping that the economic recovery will stay strong and that industrial policy will soon again be an issue for academics rather than politicians. —*By Charles P. Alexander. Reported by Frederick Ungeheuer/New York with other bureaus*

MacAvoy has gone from Yale to Rochester

Bailey left Washington for Carnegie-Mellon

Wharton's Palmer used to be at Touche Ross

Economy & Business

Redefining Executive Education

A new corps of business-school deans takes charge

As America's business-school students head to class this fall, they are being greeted by an extraordinarily large number of new deans. More than 100 schools, including Wharton, the University of California at Berkeley and Carnegie-Mellon, have installed new directors, many of whom intend to change curriculums and set new priorities.

Most of the new arrivals are stressing practical, hands-on experience, and quite a few are bringing with them extensive experience in government or major corporations. The emphasis on practicality amounts to a minirevolt against what some deans call a generation of generalists who do not really know how to get down to running businesses or solving problems on the plant floor.

At Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh, where much of the once mighty American steel industry lies rusting, Business School Dean Elizabeth Bailey, 44, had barely moved into her office before she began looking for ways to stress real business problems instead of mathematical models. Says she: "We want to find practical uses for the models. We don't just want ideas. We want ways to fit those ideas to current industry problems." Bailey also plans to enhance Carnegie-Mellon's program in robotics in order to prepare students for the factory of the future. A member of the Civil Aeronautics Board under Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan, Bailey believes the "stereotypical M.B.A. in a three-piece suit" may be replaced by someone grounded in theory and mechanics who might wear "grease-stained bib overalls."

At the University of Rochester, Paul MacAvoy, 49, a former Yale professor and member of President Ford's Council of Economic Advisers, believes that business-school teaching methods "have lost relevance to the real world." He argues that Harvard's famed case-study approach, in which students examine actual management situations, helped build broad knowledge but little feel for the gritty problems of running a plant. MacAvoy says students too often "get bogged down in the big picture." What is needed, he believes, are not generalists but specialists in fields like capital management. He foresees that as "the hottest topic in business education during the next ten years."

At the business school of the University of California at Berkeley, Raymond E. Miles, 50, is bringing new attention to a subject that in recent years has been almost a dirty word in business schools: manufacturing. Miles is a longtime academic and consultant, but he worked for six years for the Santa Fe Railroad. Says he: "Manufacturing has been a low-status area in many business schools and in most organizations for the past 15 to 20 years. But what's been clearly happening in the last few years has been a re-emphasis on production and production efficiency." Working with the university's department of engineering, Miles is developing a series of courses on managing manufacturing in high-tech industries. The notion is so new to the business-school environment, though, that he is having a hard time finding enough professors to teach the courses, even though he expects the program to be popular among students.

To give students a greater feel for business, Colin Blaydon, 42, formerly a vice provost at Duke University and an expert on energy and regulatory policy, is stepping up the visiting-speaker program at Dartmouth's Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, the smallest (280 students) and most rural of the better-known schools. The outside lecturers stay in a converted dorm room appropriately called the Executive Suite. They attend classes and share dining-hall meals with students. This year, for example, William Spoor, chief executive of Pillsbury, will give talks on his company's experience as part of a second-year business-policy course.

Russell Palmer, 49, the new dean of the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School, this fall took up his first full-time post in academia. Previously he had been a managing partner of Touche Ross, a large accounting firm. Palmer plans to place added emphasis on international business. Says he: "We were used to having things our own way, then all of a sudden we found ourselves competing in global markets and woefully unprepared." Palmer has already put plans in motion for a new international management program.

At Atlanta University's School of Business Administration, which has produced some 30% of America's black M.B.A.s, the new dean is Johnnie Clark, 52. She formerly served as a member of Atlanta's rapid transit authority, and is on the board of the Citizens Trust Bank in Atlanta. Since taking over in July, Clark has been trying to focus more attention on entrepreneurship by offering a course in small-businesss management, an area frequently overlooked.

Not all the fledgling deans agree with the push toward practicality, claiming that it can be narrow and limiting. At the University of Chicago, a major review of the business school's curriculum is scheduled this year, but John Gould, 44, a longtime Chicago business faculty member who took over as dean in July, feels it will favor the classic course of study so that students will learn to take a "broad perspective on business decisions." Educators, says Gould, must "prepare students with general problem-solving ability."

But whatever their approach, all the new deans aim to train graduates with useful knowledge that will last a lifetime. The business schools hope to avoid what Berkeley's Miles calls "training people who are very, very good at solving problems that turn out to be yesterday's problems." —*By John S. DeMott. Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York, with other bureaus*

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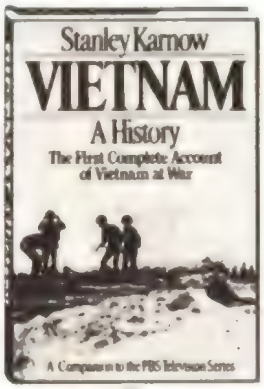

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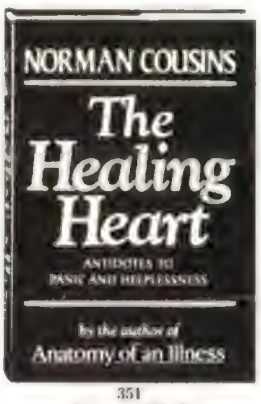

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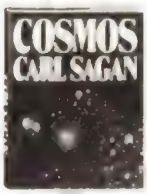

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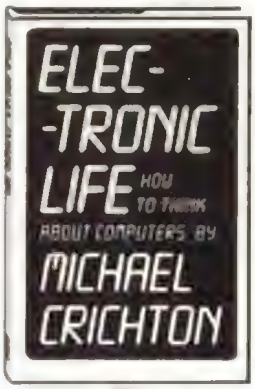

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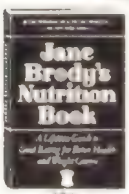

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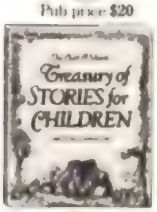

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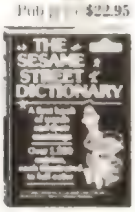

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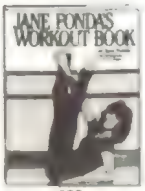

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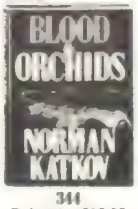

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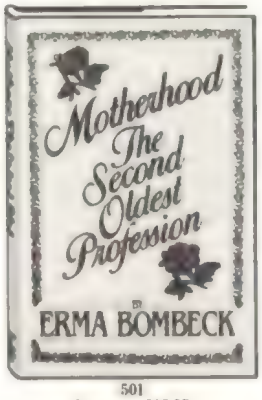

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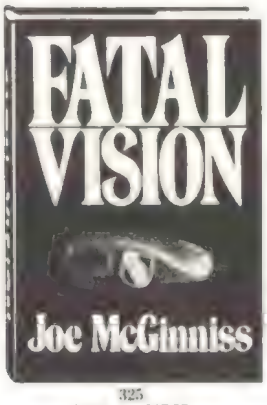

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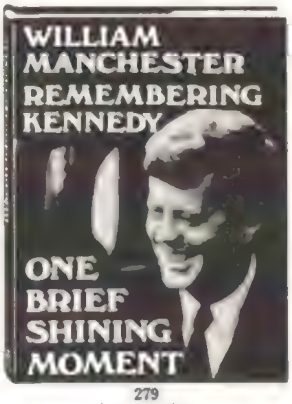

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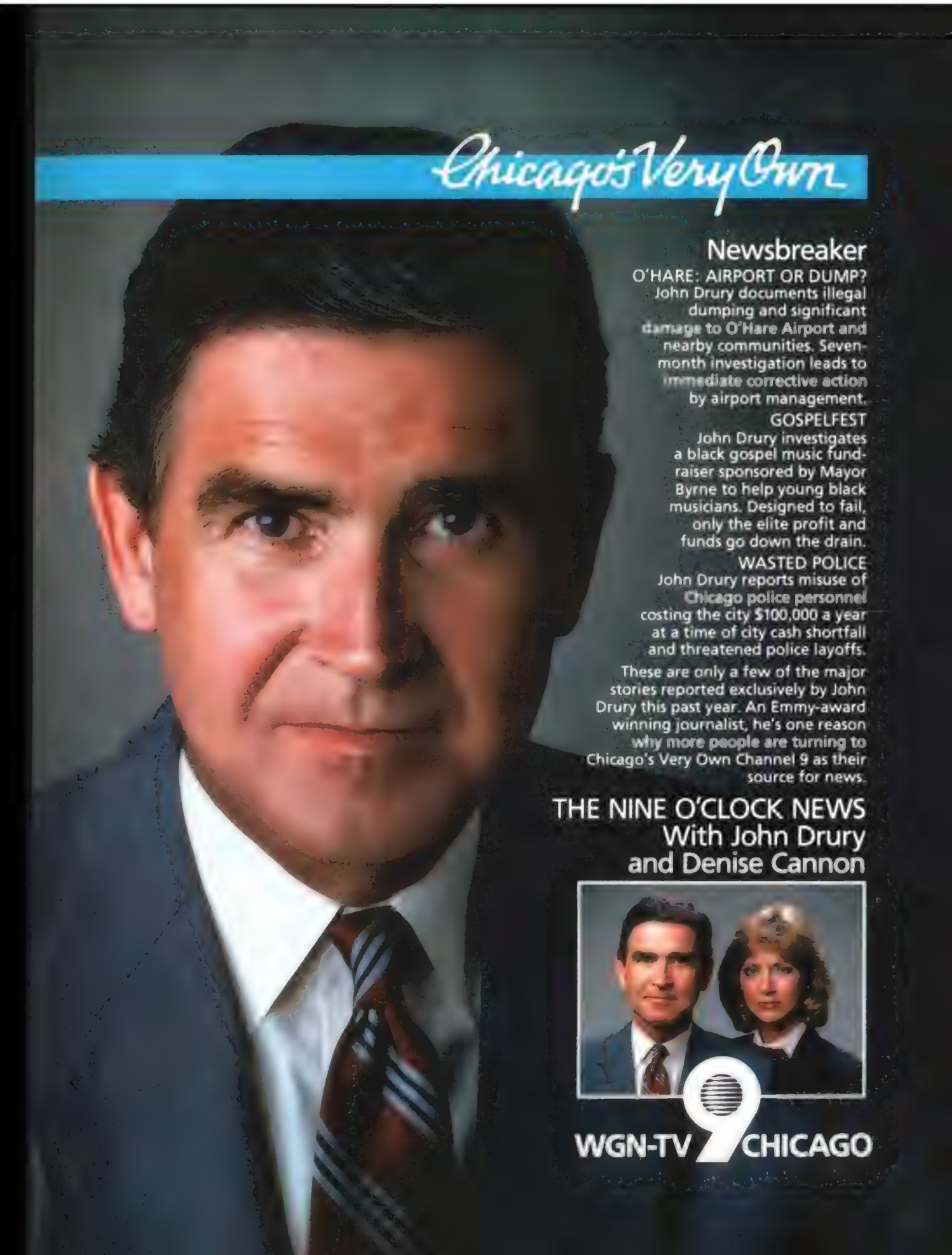
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CD rates are on the rise

WAIT FOR THE RATE! That teasing message, placed in New York City newspapers by Citibank last week, is among a growing number of signs that the battle for consumers' savings is heating up again. Starting in October, federal regulators will let U.S. banks and savings and loans pay whatever interest they want on certificates of deposit. The yield on most CDs is now tied to U.S. Treasury bill rates; a six-month certificate, for example, currently pays about 9.53%.

While the coming battle is unlikely to match the one ignited by last December's debut of bank and S and L money-market accounts, when some institutions briefly offered rates as high as 25%, the competition is likely to be fierce. Dollar–Dry Dock Savings Bank in New York is already luring investors with an annual rate of 13% on a savings instrument that the bank will convert on Oct. 1 to a one-year CD paying at least 10.3%.

Removal of the interest-rate ceiling on CDs represents one of the last major steps in the deregulation of consumers savings deposits. Previous moves have led to innovations like the popular bank and S and L money-market accounts, which pay attractive rates that typically rise or fall weekly. The average yield on such accounts was about 9% last week. The so-called SuperNow accounts, introduced last January, currently pay about 7%, but savers can write an unlimited number of checks against their deposits.

The latest regulatory easing permits several new CD features in addition to the higher rates. Banks and thrifts will be free to set any minimum balance on the certificates they choose. Most CDs, like SuperNow and money-market accounts, currently require minimum deposits of at least $2,500. The changes will also enable institutions to offer certificates that mature in virtually any period of time greater than 31 days and will relax the penalties for cashing in certificates before they come due.

Some experts assert that the high-yielding certificates will further befuddle savers, who already face a bewildering range of choices over where to put their cash. "With all the NOWs, money-market accounts and CDs, consumers are shell-shocked and totally confused," says Richard Bove, a leading banking analyst for Shearson/American Express. Nevertheless, bankers and savings and loan executives are expected to push the deregulated certificates, if only to keep customers from taking their business to competitors across the street. ■

Dividends

Striking Back

Colonial Manor Nursing Home last July faced a strike by its 45 union employees. To maintain care for its 80 to 100 patients, the Ohio facility spent some $15,000 to recruit, hire and train a new staff to start when the walkout began. But on the appointed day, everyone, new and old, showed up for work. Colonial was so furious that it has slapped a $3 million suit against the Service Employees International Union for failing to carry out its strike threat. "When you think you have a wrong committed against you, you're entitled to go to court," says Bertyl Johnson, vice president and general counsel. "They told us they were going to strike, and they didn't."

Kenneth Lewis, the union local's president, insists that the workers were under no obligation to walk out. Says Lewis: "The threat of a strike is a bargaining tool. It's more meaningful than a strike itself, once the employer finds out the membership is dead serious."

Although the union members are now back on the job, they are still without a contract to replace the one that ran out last April, and a tentative agreement has fallen apart. "I was delighted when I thought we could settle this thing without a strike," says Lewis. "Now I'm a little dismayed and angry."

Dog-Tagging Diamonds

When police recover a stolen auto or camera, they can attempt to find the owner through the item's serial number. But when authorities find filched gems, they know the owners have probably kissed their property goodbye. Most gems contain no traceable markings. Systems for registering diamonds by photography and other means have proved unreliable. Says Robert Doubet, vice president of Lazare Kaplan & Sons, a New York City diamond-cutting firm: "Once removed from its mounting, a diamond is as good as ownerless."

Lazare Kaplan has now developed a way to dog-tag diamonds. It has patented a device that uses a laser beam to inscribe gems with a trademark and seven-digit number that is visible only under magnification. The company spent ten years developing the desk-size engraving device, which, it says, performs the delicate operation without affecting either the clarity or the color of the stones. The firm has leased one of its first six machines to a Japanese company and three of them to Manhattan's Gemological Institute of America, which will inscribe stones for jewelry retailers. Says the institute's Burt Krashes: "Anyone caught with a laser-inscribed stone would be a dead duck." The typical cost for the owner of a one-carat stone is about $110. Since a flawless diamond of that size runs anywhere from $5,000 to $25,000, a girl's best friend may soon be the marking on her stones.

Dead Wringer

They were bulky and loud and could squeeze unwary fingers, but millions of Americans relied on them for clean socks, shirts and underwear all the same. Since 1909, Maytag (1982 sales: $440.8 million) has turned out nearly 12 million wringer washers from its plant on the edge of downtown Newton, Iowa. But automatic washers and dryers have drained away much of the business for wringers, and Maytag will stop making them by the end of the year. "We're experiencing a great sense of loss here," laments a company executive. "The wringer was our only product for 42 years."

Maytag, a leading maker of home appliances, dubbed its first wringer "the hired girl" and cranked out some 2,000 machines a day during the peak production year of 1948. Workers put in 60-hour weeks to fill the demand for washers that cleaned the diapers for the baby boom. Now output is down to several dozen a day.

Those few wringers, however, have been finding some buyers. The machines use little water and can be handy in places where water or plumbing is in short supply. Maytag sold 2,000 wringers to Saudi Arabia just five years ago. Consumers will be able to buy new wringers even after Maytag drops its line. The Chicago-based Association of Home Appliance Manufacturers says two other companies will still make wringers.

The movie's Mercury crew: Ward, Quaid, Paulin, Harris, Frank, Glenn and Henricksen

Saga of a Magnificent Seven

The Right Stuff *finds heroism in the astronauts' story*

Oh, it was a primitive and profound thing! Only pilots truly had it, but the entire world responded, and no one knew its name!

—Tom Wolfe

Not yet they didn't, not in 1962, when John Glenn became the first American "star voyager," the first "free man" to circle the globe in a spacecraft and match the accomplishment of the Soviets, who had done the trick first. It was 17 years before someone succeeded in naming the mysterious qualities that made Glenn and his six fellow Mercury astronauts such compelling figures.

The Right Stuff: that was the name we had been groping for. The phrase summarized the primitive and profound quality sensed beneath the space program's propaganda and the sometimes sleazy manipulations. It was, of course, Tom Wolfe who carefully defined a vague vernacular term and blazoned it as the title of his gloriously intelligent, funny and, above all, romantic bestseller "about the psychology of flying and the status competition among pilots." One suspects Wolfe's phrase is now poised for an even deeper and broader penetration into the common consciousness. For *The Right Stuff*, which many people thought could never be turned into a movie, is about to splash down in the nation's theaters. And despite a glitch here, a malfunction there, a triumphant landing it is likely to be.

The picture tells the story of the Mercury astronaut program, which trained seven men to be America's first explorers in space. It is big (more than three hours long), expensive ($25 million) and sprawling (covering 15 years of aviation history, from the breaking of the sound barrier in 1947 to the lift-off of the last Mercury capsule in 1963). It ranges from Pancho's Happy Bottom Riding Club (a raffish test-pilot bar at Edwards Air Force Base in the Mojave Desert) to the Kennedy White House; from Lyndon Johnson asnarl in his limousine to the deep, deceptively serene blue of the upper atmosphere where "the demons" of the sky live. It is noisy with the roar of jet engines, the blare of military minds and the bawdiness of hospital humor as the astronaut candidates are subjected to exhaustive physical testing. It is also quiet with the tension of test flight and of the bedrooms where that tension is destroying marriages.

Scene of New York City parade for Glenn

In short, the movie is anything but slick in structure or glib in tone. But that is far from a defect. In fact, the best thing about it is the serious but never sobersided spirit in which it was made. In the first memo he wrote about the project, Writer-Director Philip Kaufman, 46, mentioned some movies he admired, such as *The Searchers* and *The Grand Illusion*, and said he would strive for their rambling, episodic quality, in which "'truth' is found along the way." In the end, that is exactly what he achieved.

If, occasionally, in compressing Wolfe's tale for the screen, he has placed too heavy a weight of meaning on single symbolic figures or forced one or two individuals to represent the qualities of many, his work is for the most part a model of sensitive, sensible adaptation. It also succeeds on two other basic levels: as a movie that sets a singular rhythm, a sort of ambling rush in which with no significant lack of narrative tension or dearth of suspenseful action, time is found for the telling details, behavioral, scenic and technical; and as a work that with its evocations of a half-forgotten movie genre, the aviation picture, suggests some sources that Wolfe missed for the code of the right stuff.

In its agreeably uncontentious manner, *The Right Stuff* offers an occasion for a re-revaluation of a figure recent-

Technical Consultant Yeager with the man who plays him, Playwright Shepard

"We didn't look at it as being stuff that was right, we were doing a job."

Photographs by John Bryson—Sygma

Restaging of Yeager's climactic crash

Some *Right Stuff* wives: appealingly poignant, trying to maintain grace under the pressure

ly much condemned, the traditional American male. The movie can be understood to revive that great figure of American myth, the job- and goal-oriented man, more strongly bonded to his companions in silent striving than he is to his wife and children, inarticulate not only about his fears and failings but about his strengths as well.

Beyond that, *The Right Stuff*, even before its official premiere on Oct. 21, is surrounded by a great, speculative buzzing. This is caused by the fact that one of its principal figures, onetime Astronaut Glenn, is currently running for the Democratic presidential nomination. Sight unseen, Washington politicians, pundits and gossipists are wondering what effect a potentially popular movie may have on his candidacy *(see following story)*. But politics aside, the movie's portrayal of Glenn aptly illustrates Kaufman's strategy in adapting Wolfe's book. In one of the author's best sentences, Glenn is described as "a lonely beacon of restraint and self-sacrifice in a squall of car crazies." In the movie, that line is given to Glenn to say, in a sweet and giggly exchange with his wife Annie, just as many of Wolfe's other observations have been converted into eminently playable dialogue. The resulting gain in intelligent self-awareness and wit adds greatly to all the astronauts' appeal, not just Glenn's.

The man who took the first crack at *The Right Stuff* script was star Screenwriter–Pop Novelist William Goldman. In his recent book *Adventures in the Screen Trade*, he notes that structurally Wolfe's book is really two books. One is about the fighter jocks turned test pilots, led by the legendary Chuck Yeager, the first man to break the sound barrier. A natural pilot who graduated without benefit of a college degree from a World War II ace into test flights, Yeager, with his peers, established the exacting, unspoken standards (and style) of test flight in the late '40s. The second book is about the men who came afterward, whose success would be judged by their ability to discern and live up to the credo of the right stuff. Among them were the Mercury astronauts. Goldman saw no dramatically convincing way to contrast the experience and outlook of the two groups, and left the test-flight veterans out of his screenplay.

Kaufman (whose recent credits include the remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*) was approached to direct after Goldman's first draft was finished. He liked only one scene in it and particularly insisted on restoration of Yeager & Co. He made his case in a 35-page memo that was close to being a treatment for a total revision. He wanted the movie to be "a search film, a quest for a certain quality that may have seen its best days." The results were bad feelings, lawsuits and a Kaufman script that restored the right stuff to *The Right Stuff*, providing historical motivation—the fight for pilot "dignity"—to the astronauts, whose new bosses, the engineers, scientists and bureaucrats of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration—played mainly as low-comedy bunglers and bullies in the film—did not understand their values. They wanted brave men not to fly the machines but to act essentially as lab animals whose responses to the stresses of spaceflight could be conveniently measured.

It was a job an ape could do, and did on a couple of early flights. The astronauts' fight to gain more control over their craft, to command their own fates, was what eventually earned them the grudging respect of their peers as an assertion of righteous stuff. It is as a result of it that Wolfe, and the movie, is able to reclaim heroic authenticity from publicity.

This ensemble film required a prodigious casting effort, because Kaufman is convinced that the very look of the test-pilot type has, in a generation, been all but bred out of the American bones. "I was looking for an almost obsolete type of '50s guy who was not affected by a modern look," says Kaufman. "I wanted guys who were very rugged, very tough, very honest, open guys with a clean-cut quality." He also thought it a good idea

Glenn, as Alan Shepard lifts off on the first manned flight

"Seriousness of subject matter, and a wild humor out of left field."

to cast people "who weren't really well known," who would be "totally eager at all times." Kaufman was extremely fortunate in finding Ed Harris, who could project John Glenn's earnestness with a boyish charm; Scott Glenn, who could do Alan Shepard's mad comic streak; Fred Ward, who could convey the inarticulate gruffness and the strange vulnerability of Gus Grissom; and Dennis Quaid, who could capture the innocent braggadocio and sublime (but not misplaced) self-confidence of Gordon Cooper. The other three astronaut impersonators—Scott Paulin, Charles Frank and Lance Henriksen—have less to do, but they do it with quiet persuasiveness.

The astronauts' wives, especially those played by Veronica Cartwright, Pamela Reed and Mary Jo Deschanel, are appealingly poignant, trying to maintain grace under the pressure imposed on them by the Government-Issue squalor of base housing and by the knowledge that their men are engaged in totally preoccupying work that carries a 1-in-4 risk of fatality. Barbara Hershey, as Yeager's wife, has, by contrast, been encouraged to emulate a classic fantasy figure. She has the smoldering spunk of the girls Howard Hawks liked to have hang around his squadrons: sexy, sassy and not as tough as she talks.

But that is all right, since Kaufman extends his mytho-poetic license to the limits in expanding the role of Yeager, whom he portrays as remaining a lonely flight-test purist at Edwards for the entire period covered by the film. This is historically inaccurate—he left the base in 1954—but it is emotionally correct. Kaufman wanted to do a movie about "a particular form of American heroism" and to ask the question "How does that elusive quality survive in the midst of the American circus, the chaos, public commotion, the panic, that all threaten to stamp it out?" The answer, of course, is that it can do so only in total isolation and self-sufficiency. So Yeager's life had to be mildly, benignly fictionalized.

The movie makes its largest leap of this kind when it crosscuts between the astronauts' welcome in Houston at a suffocating barbecue inside a flag-bedecked sports arena, with Sally Rand doing her fan dance, and Yeager's last, gallant, failed effort to set an altitude record alone in the sky over his desert. In fact, the two events took place 17 months apart, and this is one of the more dubious symbolic linkages. But Sam Shepard, the playwright and occasional movie actor, has a wonderful, hypnotic stillness as Yeager. He is a solid rock on which to build a film and most pleasing to the old pilot, who worked on the film as bit player, stunt flyer and technical adviser. "He's not an exhibitionist, and he's not always putting on the air." Well, then, does that mean he has the right stuff? "It's irrelevant in my life. The right stuff. We were doing a job, and if you had the right experience and training and you were a little bit lucky, you were successful. Those that weren't, they had streets named after them."

Yes. Well, then. Perhaps this much can be ventured: if the movie does not have that almighty precious thing, at least it had the wit to look for it in the right place. Moviegoers seeking a grand yet edifying entertainment, right-stuffed with what Kaufman calls "seriousness of subject matter and a wild humor that comes out of left field," now know where to look too. —*By Richard Schickel.*
Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

Shepard Grissom Carpenter Schirra Cooper Slayton

Meanwhile, Back in Real Life . . .

Bright-eyed and bristly-haired, the seven original Mercury astronauts rocketed not only into space but into the collective imagination of America. Yet except for the highly visible John Glenn, most of the other real-life astronauts have gravitated into private orbits.

Alan Shepard, 59, the first American in space, emerged as a shrewd entrepreneur after leaving NASA in 1974. Based in Houston, he has developed extensive real estate projects and is a wholesale distributor for Coors beer in southern Texas. Remembered for hitting a golf ball on the moon as commander of Apollo 14 in 1971, he relishes playing in celebrity golf tournaments and, like others of the Mercury group, is a grandfather several times over.

Virgil ("Gus") **Grissom** died in 1967, when he and his two crew members of Apollo 204 were asphyxiated in a launching-pad fire at Cape Canaveral.

Gordon Cooper, 56, the most flamboyant of the original seven, is now a conservative Encino, Calif., businessman who describes his second marriage in 1972 to Susan Taylor, now 38, as the highlight of his life. Besides spending five years as a vice president for research and development at Walter E. Disney Enterprises, Cooper has parlayed his technical expertise into a galaxy of ventures such as his own consulting firm and, currently, a corporation that will produce alcohol fuel.

Walter Schirra, 60, lives with his wife of 37 years in an exclusive development southwest of Denver, travels frequently and especially enjoys big-game hunting. The only astronaut to fly in the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo programs, he does TV commercials and other promotion for Tang, the orange drink that the astronauts slurped in space, and for Actifed cold tablets. Although he sits on the boards of several companies, the affable Schirra says he works only when he wants to: "I'm through punching time clocks."

Scott Carpenter, 58, moved on from the Mercury program to become an "aquanaut" in the Navy's Sealab program. Since then he has pursued various oceanographic ventures but admits to having "difficulty finding a good, solid third career." Today he lives in the San Fernando Valley outside Los Angeles and works part-time giving speeches and consulting. He and his second wife, Maria Roach, 36, have two young sons, and Carpenter describes himself as mainly a "father-in-residence."

Donald ("Deke") **Slayton,** 59, a no-nonsense loyalist to the space program, remained with NASA until 1982, when he became president of Houston's Space Services Inc., the first American privately financed space enterprise. Divorced this year, he revels in flying his formula midget racing plane in competitions, but otherwise keeps a low profile. His astronaut celebrity, he says, was something to be tolerated rather than enjoyed: "I just learned to cope with it."

From Hero to Candidate

Glenn gets a rousing political send-off on the big screen

Halfway into the film, one still is not quite sure what to make of this guy Glenn. He has the right stuff, but he also possesses a moralizing streak as wide as the runway at Edwards Air Force Base. At a press conference introducing all seven *Mercury* astronauts, Glenn comes across as a showboater spouting platitudes about God and Country and Family and the Wright Brothers.

But then flash ahead a few scenes. It is the day of a launch, and Glenn is on the phone with his wife, a painful stutterer. Vice President Lyndon Johnson is fuming in his limousine outside the Glenn house, a NASA official is badgering Glenn, but the astronaut stands firm. "Annie, listen to me. I will back you all the way, one hundred percent," says Glenn. "I don't want Johnson or any of the rest of them to put so much as one toe inside our house." Cut to a weepy but relieved Annie Glenn, then cut back to the other astronauts rallying around their comrade and strutting like schoolyard princes.

All at once, the ambiguity about Glenn is gone. He is seen as a loving husband and a natural leader, unhesitant to put principles above career. Here he is humming *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* during re-entry, there he is waving to the thousands crammed along the route of a ticker-tape parade. The heroic depiction of Glenn would be unremarkable except for one thing: the real life John Glenn, now 62 and the senior Senator from Ohio, is running for the Democratic presidential nomination. Never before has a major candidate been featured (and favorably, at that) in a big-budget Hollywood film released just as the election season warms up. Three weeks before the picture premieres, the impact of such a rousing send-off is already being debated from the corridors of Washington to the commissaries of Hollywood.

Glenn unquestionably fares better on celluloid than in Tom Wolfe's book, published to high acclaim in 1979. As caught in the whambang whirl of Wolfe's prose, the young astronaut seemed more of a Presbyterian prude, a sort of born-again Sky King. While Wolfe poked fun at Glenn the boy policing the language of his school chums, the film focuses only on Glenn the adult. Other digs are neatly skipped over. Wolfe, for example, implies that Glenn sought out NASA officials to discuss replacing Alan Shephard on the first flight, but not a hint of that appears on the screen.

Glenn benefits by additions as well as excisions. One tender scene was inspired by a 1959 picture in LIFE magazine of Glenn and his wife sprawled on a day bed. In the movie, Glenn confesses to Annie that his fellow pilots consider him "a gung-ho type." When Annie breaks into giggles, Glenn turns to her with affection. "Oh, you agree? My own wife? Do you think I'm a Dudley Do-Right?" The pair chuckle softly, but not before Glenn strikes a mock heroic pose and delivers a few self-deprecating lines. Director Philip Kaufman, who also wrote the screenplay, admits that he has no idea if the Senator is capable of laughing at himself, but old newsreel footage of a beaming Glenn convinced him that the astronaut at least must have been "good-natured." According to Kaufman, the doting scene also prepares the viewer for the later exchange between the Glenns about barring Johnson from the house.

The casting also flatters. In Ed Harris, 32, the producers found an uncanny look-alike, only handsomer. The blond, bristle-topped actor has blue laser eyes, a quick-fire smile, and more charisma than his real-life model.

Nonetheless, all connected with the film rush to claim that no special consideration was given to the character of Glenn. "As Glenn was the first American to orbit the earth, his story is more dramatic than most of the others'," says Irwin Winkler, one of the film's producers. "By condensing Wolfe's book into the drama of a film, Glenn became more sympathetic." Kaufman points out that shooting was wrapped up in October 1982; he contends, somewhat ingenuously, that it was only in December, when Senator Edward Kennedy announced he would not seek the Democratic nomination, that it dawned on him that *The Right Stuff* might have political resonance. Says Winkler: "The politics caught up with the movie, not the movie with the politics." The film makers say they never received a call from Glenn or his staff seeking a say in the script, nor did any of the movie people consult the Senator.

Will *The Right Stuff* help Glenn the candidate? Jim Johnson, acting campaign manager for Walter Mondale, Glenn's chief rival, is uncharacteristically catty: "The movie is going to make Glenn look old." That sort of belittling comment is a hint that Mondale aides are at least a little worried about the film's influence. Glenn staffers either dismiss the movie as a factor or play it up gingerly. "It plays no part in our strategy," says Bill White, head of Glenn's campaign. "On balance, though, it's more of a plus." One Democratic Party strategist sees the expected endorsement of Mondale by the AFL-CIO and the premiere of *The Right Stuff*, both scheduled for next month, as a publicity wash. Says he: "In October, Mondale has the AFL-CIO and Glenn has the movie."

But what if *The Right Stuff* is a hit, seen by millions of moviegoers in coming months? Clearly it could have a more pronounced effect on the campaign than political pros now think. The film introduces the brave young astronaut to an entire generation that has come of age (and voting age) since the early 1960s and vividly reminds anyone older of what undeniably was a glorious push into the New Frontier. If the on-screen Glenn seems somewhat priggish next to the other fighter jocks, he also seems tailor-made for the presidency. Has anyone ever suffered in a primary for *not* carousing, or for being *too* diligent?

Glenn, who has not yet seen the film, dismissed an early draft of the script given to him by NASA as "Laurel and Hardy in space," but now he studiously refrains from speculating on the movie's impact. "It's out of my control," he says with a shrug. Glenn nonetheless appreciates the value of his image, film or no film. He is absenting himself from the gala opening of *The Right Stuff* in Washington on Oct. 16, evidently recognizing that it would be unseemly to exploit the movie so blatantly. After all, it would just not do for a onetime astronaut, a guy who is decreed by Hollywood to have you-know-what, to display a touch of vainglory. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Sam Allis/Washington and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles*

On the campaign orbit: the astronaut-turned-Senator greeting fans in Iowa last summer

Has anyone ever suffered in a primary for not *carousing, or being* too *diligent?*

The Best Cup Challenge Ever

Australia II *puts on a fan-bloody-tastic show*

The America's Cup was still there on Monday morning, bolted to a table at the New York Yacht Club, which has been its home for 132 years. Its tenure had become frighteningly fragile, however. For the past fortnight a superboat and a bunch of hungry sailors from Down Under have shown that the U.S. can no longer successfully defend the knobbly silver ewer merely by putting a boat in the water. At week's end the best-of-seven series was tied 3-3 between the red-hulled American defender *Liberty* and *Australia II*. In the process, the Aussies had proved themselves every fighting inch the equals of the Americans. It has been the greatest America's Cup challenge in history.

No challenger had ever won more than two races, but that is merely a statistic. What was on display in Newport was nobility. The Australians showed technological brilliance, consummate sailing skill, luck, intuition, nerve, courage, stamina and fanatic determination to win. It also took millions of dollars on both sides, since that is the price of admission in 12-meter yacht racing. But no amount of money could have bought what Aussie guts and gall have won to date.

The Australian campaign has had an unlikely Nelson: Allan Bond, 45, a chunky, feisty Perth entrepreneur and onetime sign painter, who has spent $16 million in ten years pursuing what many of his countrymen dismissed as a manic obsession. This is his fourth bid. *Australia II* his third boat. In Ben Lexcen, 47, Bond found a naval architect who could radically change the design of a 12-meter boat, a field that has seen little technological innovation in years. In secret tank tests in The Netherlands, Lexcen developed a keel like nothing ever used before: with two delta-type wings weighing more than a ton each, it gives the boat added stability, more agility in tacking and greater speed overall. While his boat clearly had the advantage over all comers in light winds, many experts questioned whether it could perform as well in heavier conditions. *Australia II*, it turned out, is glorious in any kind of weather.

John Bertrand, 36, Bond's skipper, proved in the trials that he is among the world's best at handling a 12-meter yacht. Relaxed and modest, he was quick to admit error. He also had the fervent loyalty of his crew. By contrast with previous years, when the Aussie sailors downed Foster's Lager in Newport's pubs till the wee hours, Bertrand's men trained like commandos for the marine assault. Off Newport, long considered *mare nostrum* by the American defenders, Bertrand developed a feel for wind and water conditions unmatched by many Americans who have sailed these waters since adolescence.

***Australia II* dueling red-hulled *Liberty* in third race: a glorious boat in any kind of weather**

Even before *Australia II* arrived at Newport, its white hull swathed in a modest blue-green canvas skirt, word had spread of the challenger's hidden, revolutionary keel design. The New York Yacht Club tried mightily, ignobly, and in vain to have the foreign boat disqualified. Meanwhile, the wonder from Down Under and its gritty crew blitzed the largest foreign field ever assembled in Newport—six other boats, from France, Italy, Britain, Canada and Australia. In two months the Australians won 48 of the 54 times they set sail. And yet, pitted against the New York Yacht Club's haughty ways and the American defenders' $9 million outlay to keep the Cup, the Aussies cannily managed all the same to come across as the Down Underdog.

Underdog is what they remained in the first two races, both captured handily by *Liberty*. While two of the Aussies' losses could be ascribed mainly to equipment failures, their nemesis loomed as Dennis Conner. *Liberty's* fearsome skipper. Conner defended the Cup against the Aussies in 1980, winning four out of five races. He is not an endearing man: he is anxious, abrasive and overweight, hard and unforgiving on the water. Co-author of a book called *No Excuse to Lose*, he has spent 6,000 hours at the helm of 12-meter boats over the past five years, and he was determined to win again. "There's more

Aussie boat flounders after steering break

to it than boat speed," he said in a remark worthy of Leo Durocher. "You have to be first at the finish line."

On opening day, in 20-knot winds that were considered slightly favorable to *Liberty*, Skipper Bertrand got *Australia II* off to a lead of a few seconds and held it into the third leg as the boats headed off into Rhode Island Sound. But then Bertrand let the U.S.'s Conner sneak up on his tail. *Liberty* slipped in front and never let up. Before rounding the last mark to sail home against the wind, Conner surprised his opponent by jibing suddenly to change course. As Bertrand wheeled his boat to follow, part of *Australia II*'s steering gear snapped. Conner won the race by 1 min. 10 sec.

The winds were again around 20 knots for the second race. Just before the start, as *Australia II* jibed to block *Liberty*, a 24.6-knot gust smacked the challenger, snapping a pin that holds the mainsail to the halyard and dropping the sail 18 in. Despite this handicap, Bertrand beat the U.S. yacht on the first upwind leg by 50 sec., a remarkable margin that displayed his boat's inherent speed. Unable to match his opponent in tacking duels, Bertrand decided to go off in search of a breeze. Left alone, it was Conner who found the wind—and won, by 1 min. 33 sec. "God smiled on us," said the American skipper, "and we managed things a little better." More to the point, one yachting expert observed (prematurely as it turned out), "Conner does not have accidents." Bertrand filed an official protest when the race ended, claiming the American boat had forced him off course, but after a day of deliberation, an international committee disagreed.

The next race was symbolically one of the most crucial of the series, even though it left the score unchanged at U.S. 2, Australia 0. In very light winds *Australia II* simply wiped out *Liberty*. As the yachts rounded the last mark for the beat to the finish, Australia led by more than 5 min., a colossal margin in a race of 24.3 miles. Bertrand was sitting half a mile ahead of Conner when the wind died. There is a time limit of 5 hr. 15 min. on the race, which ran out, and the result did not count. That was bad luck for the Aussies, but their mooted victory came as a needed adrenaline shot at the ebb of their fortunes.

***Liberty* crewmen on mast fix broken strut**

With spinnaker flying, the white-hulled yacht from Perth streaks to fifth-race victory

For the replay of the third race the winds were feather light once more, and ultralight *Australia II*, weighing 5,000 lbs. less than *Liberty*, took to them like a seagull riding the thermals. She beat the American boat by 3 min. 14 sec., the largest margin rung up by a foreign challenger since 1871. John Marshall, the mainsheet trimmer on *Liberty*, said after the race, "There is a speed difference in these two yachts like I have never seen. *Australia II* is something new, very thoughtful and very exciting." Asked how he spent the day off after his first loss, Conner replied, "I worried." After that race Conner even said that he was "aware of the possibility" that the U.S. could lose the Cup.

Assessing performance up to this point, the experts reckoned that *Liberty* performed best in winds of 15 to 20 knots, while *Australia II* was the faster boat either below or above that range. For the fourth race the breeze was made to order for *Liberty*. And Dennis Conner, who is probably the world's finest 12-meter skipper, handled his boat masterfully. He won the start from Bertrand by 6 sec. and never let up, skillfully covering the Australian, repeatedly pouncing on the wind shifts he needed to carry him ahead. After two shifts on the first leg, Conner declared, "God works on Tuesdays." Bertrand admitted his error in losing the start: "It was a mistake on my part. One mistake is all it takes." Owner Bond, crushed by the defeat and with his back to a 3-1 wall, reminded a press conference of the valiant way Australian troops fought at Gallipoli in World War I (and lost 8,587 men).

Having smiled on Conner on Tuesday, God was in a different mood for the fifth race, the next day. Just 45 min. before it was time to summon the yachts to the start, *Liberty* suffered a broken jumper strut, a hydraulically powered device that angles the mast to increase sail power. As a fast motorboat rushed a new part from dockside, New Yorkers Tom Rich and Scott Vogel struggled 60 ft. above the deck to cut away the faulty strut. The damage was repaired 12 min. before the start, but *Liberty* still had to raise a jib, and its crew, according to Conner, was "close to exhaustion." Then Bertrand once again muffed the start; by the time he recovered he trailed Conner by 37 sec. Well behind, he shifted to starboard

The Down Under wonder weaves through jostling spectator craft after winning the sixth race

and ran for the far left side of the course

At that point Conner chose to ignore one of the cardinal rules of match racing, failing to keep *Liberty* between his opponent and the next mark. "We decided to look for wind," said Conner. It was Bertrand who found it. As they rounded the first mark, the Aussies led by 23 sec., having made up a whole minute. *Liberty's* strut broke again, and Conner was unable to trim his main properly; by the end *Australia II* had a 1 min. 47 sec. lead.

Conner

It was the first time since 1934 that a challenger had won two races. Even with a 3-2 disadvantage, the Aussies were back in the game for keeps. And in Newport the insidious notion began to grow that they might actually win it. "We have got the momentum now," said Australia's Bertrand.

For the sixth race, sailed in crystalline weather, there were moderate twelve-knot winds from the northwest. Bertrand lost the start again, this time by 7 sec., but soon into the first tack spotted something his opponent had not: dark patches of water, indicating a wind buildup on the left side of the course. He sailed for it, again uncovered by Conner, who said later, "We missed it." As *Liberty* rounded the first mark 2 min. 29 sec. behind *Australia II*, Gary Jobson, a winning crew member in Ted Turner's 1977 defense, exclaimed, "This is a disaster!" The flying bridge of the New York Yacht Club boat emptied as its nine straw-hatted, red-trousered committee members went below for a stiff belt.

In a last-ditch effort, as Bertrand made his final rounding of the windward mark more than 3 min. ahead, Conner tried to sail over his opponent, get to leeward of *Australia II* and force it to head back up to windward. He was about a minute too late. By the end of the race, in constantly shifting winds of up to 19 knots from the southwest, Bertrand led by a whopping 3 min. 25 sec. The series was tied 3-3. From London to Perth, the betting was on *Australia II*.

The Australians exercised their privilege of requesting the next day, Friday, off, so that they could check out the boat and give bone-weary crewmen a rest. Saturday's race was canceled because of shifting winds, after which the Americans called another day off, and both crews rested on Sunday. Meanwhile, in anticipation of light air, which has generally favored his opponent, Conner sent *Liberty* to a Narragansett Bay dockyard for adjustments of the ballast in its bottom. The Australians would just as soon have heavy weather. Skipper Bertrand, who took a master's degree in ocean engineering at M.I.T., recalls that he once took his boat out in a "cyclone just to see what she'd do." Says he: "It was blowing 45 or 50 knots. We couldn't even get the deck wet."

Costumed Aussie booster cavorts in Newport

From a parody into a tingling cliffhanger

Though yacht racing, and the America's Cup in particular, is usually as exciting to the average layman as a tennis match without a net, millions of ordinary citizens were caught up in the drama being played off Newport. The Boston *Globe* reported receiving more telephone calls about the series during each of the first two racing days than it had for baseball scores any day this season. Where nine television crews appeared for the 1980 races, there were 22 this time. More than 1,300 media credentials were issued, 200 of them to Australians.

The 1 million inhabitants of Perth, *Australia II's* home port, probably had less sleep than any other people in the world. On race days, radio coverage began around midnight and did not end until 6 a.m. "I've managed three hours sleep every night this week, and my colleagues say I'm doing well," said Perth Lord Mayor Michael Michael. In Britain, where the press had lost interest in the series after its own entry was beaten by *Australia II*, the series was again a Page One story. In France, savoring the spectacle of Americans having to take what they had been dishing out for 132 years, radio, TV and the press gave the story unprecedented coverage. Gloated the sports newspaper *L'Equipe*: "The Americans are about to lose one of the most beautiful jewels of their historical patrimony."

Bertrand

If the Aussies win this week, the Auld Mug will be ensconced in the Observation Room of the Royal Perth Yacht Club in the state capital of Western Australia. Racing conditions in the Indian Ocean will undoubtedly be far different from those on Rhode Island Sound. Nor is it likely that the hearty and hail fellow atmosphere of Perth will lure the well-heeled international crowds that Newport has attracted. This year's epic contest has already irrevocably changed America's Cup racing. Clearly, future challengers will concentrate on technology as they have not done in the past. While the 12-meter class has always encouraged innovation, the Australian inventions will likely set off new and more intense experimentation in yacht design.

And, no matter the outcome, the world is in Australia's debt for transforming what had become a boring parody of competition into a tingling cliffhanger of sport. The brilliant designer Ben Lexcen was wrong in one respect. Before the first race of the finals, he declared, "If we can't win this time, no one can win the bloody thing." His boat has proved, once and for all, that the bloody thing *is* bloody winnable. —***By Michael Demarest. Reported by Richard Hornik and John F. Stacks/Newport***

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Commemorating a Revolution

Watson and Crick are reunited to mark an epic event

The article was only 900 words long, but its contents helped usher in a revolution. With bland understatement, James Watson, then 25, a freshly minted Ph.D. in zoology from Indiana University, and Francis Crick, a 36-year-old dropout from physics who had developed a belated interest in biochemistry, announced the solution to a puzzle that had stymied the scientific world. Though neither was especially equipped by training or experience for so challenging a task, they had unraveled the structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, the basic molecule of heredity.

In doing so, these two very junior scientific researchers at England's Cambridge University had beaten out some of the giants of biochemistry, including Caltech's future Nobel prizewinner, Linus Pauling. More important, in discovering DNA's now famous double-helical, or spiral-staircase, architecture, they also suggested how the magic molecule works: the two sides of the helix unzip, so that each can act as a template for making an exact copy of the original genetic material. Thus Watson and Crick not only described the three-dimensional geometry of DNA, which forms the genes in all living things, but also showed how it passes its message from one generation to the next.

Last week, 30 years after the publication of their stunning report in the scientific journal *Nature*, a star-studded group gathered in Boston to commemorate an event that has been compared to the appearance of Darwin's *Origin of Species* or Einstein's papers on relativity. For three days, speaker after speaker, among them five Nobel laureates including Watson and Crick, talked eloquently about recent findings of the biological revolution.

M.I.T.'s Alexander Rich spoke of his discovery of so-called lefthanded or "Z" DNA, which twists bafflingly in the direction opposite that of a normal molecule; Rich indicated that this seeming oddity may play a significant role in switching genes off or on, thereby allowing a cell to develop into one that is different from its neighbor. Biologist Mark Ptashne of Harvard discussed the activity of small proteins that somehow attach themselves to the coils of DNA and control how the molecule replicates. Nobel Laureates David Baltimore of M.I.T. and Howard Temin of the University of Wisconsin reported on the use of viruses, which are little more than coils of nucleic acid wrapped in protein, to transfer new DNA or its molecular cousin, RNA (for ribonucleic acid), into bacterial cells. In the process, the cells are genetically transformed.

The highlight of the conference, however, was a rare joint appearance by Watson and Crick. Both looked appropriately oracular: Watson with his aureole of thinning hair, Crick with a rim of silver. Still, there were flashes of the brash biochemists who had once electrified the scientific world. Watson displayed the pointed wit that he employed so deftly in his gossipy, irreverent 1968 history, *The Double Helix* (it began with the line "I have never seen Francis Crick in a modest mood").

Acknowledging his former partner, Watson said he would not heap praise on him because he had already done that earlier this year during a conference at Cambridge, which Crick had skipped. Crick, ever the gadfly, characteristically bombarded the Boston speakers, even Nobel laureates, with sharp-edged questions aimed at sinking their pet ideas. Sighed one participant: "Ah, the same old Francis."

A.C. BARRINGTON BROWN

Watson and Crick with their celebrated DNA model at Cambridge in 1953

CORBIS-BETTMANN

Crick is still doing the talking at an anniversary reunion in Boston last week

Succeeding at a task that stymied even the giants of the scientific world

Watson and Crick, the old collaborators, have gone their separate ways. Watson, a professor of biology at Harvard for 15 years, has since 1968 been director of the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, a center for molecular-biology research on New York's Long Island. It is focusing much of its attention on the basic mystery of cancer. Crick, after helping solve another important riddle about DNA—how it codes the genetic message within its spiral-staircase structure*—turned to other genetic puzzles. Initially, he worked on the problem of how the originally identical cells of higher organisms develop different characteristics in the embryo stage. More recently, as the holder of a special professorship at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, Calif., Crick has been concentrating on neurobiology, the formation and operation of nerve cells.

Watson and Crick both debunk the idea that current work in recombinant DNA, endowing microorganisms with new genes, presents in any way a public peril. Says Watson: "There is no evidence that it is dangerous." Adds Crick: "I live near a small California township called Del Mar, and when the housewives are spending their time worrying about recombinant DNA, I really think it has gone too far." Both are convinced that many of the problems in understanding diseases like cancer will not be overcome until scientists learn fully how genes are switched off and on. Says Crick: "What we want to know is not only how to turn on a single gene. We want to know the hierarchical controls [that determine each level of development in an organism]."

Both men are convinced the revolution they helped start is still very much alive. Says Crick: "If we look back in ten years' time, what we'll find is there are lots of [genetically engineered] products that we haven't even thought of." Even cancer may yield its secrets, Watson adds. When that happens, he says, "you can really think, 'Is there a way to modify biochemically this protein that's gone wrong?' " For Watson and Crick, three decades after their great discovery, the answer would obviously be yes. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jamie Murphy/Boston*

*By an arrangement of chemical bases, at the steps of the staircase, which taken three at a time form the "words" of the genetic message.

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Getting Rid of the Bugs

Angry systems users are taking their complaints to court

When William Selden, a former IBM executive, started his own data-processing firm in 1977, he ordered six Honeywell computers. The first one was delivered to his Rochester headquarters in the spring of 1978, but, says Selden, "it was two months late and dead on arrival." He spent two years trying to get the balky operating system of the computer to function while his infant firm ran up losses that totaled $1.2 million. Selden was forced to liquidate his business and sell the 200-year-old family farm to pay his debts. He is suing Honeywell for $6.4 million for "fraud, negligence and breach of contract." The trial began last week in federal district court in New York City.

The Selden case is by no means unique. As computers proliferate, so, too, do public complaints. Buyers are angry about everything from improper installation and occasional malfunctions to system-wide failure. The victims range from a New Jersey warehouse owner, whose computer system muddled his inventory, to the state of Massachusetts, where 1,150 computers that were supposed to test auto emissions all malfunctioned on the same day because they had been programmed incorrectly.

Though computers solve a broad range of problems for many satisfied users, there are also many hundreds of lawsuits outstanding against manufacturers and sellers. Qantel Corp., a California-based manufacturer of small computers, lost a $5 million lawsuit last spring to a scientific systems firm that accused it of selling computers without the accompanying software. During the trial, the plaintiff's attorney described Qantel computers as "moron machines" that "won't do anything."

The most common complaint is that manufacturers promise more than their machines can deliver. Says Esther Dyson, editor of *RELease 1.0*, an electronics newsletter: "The industry is raising false hopes. Computers are not user friendly. In fact, they are a pain to operate." Massachusetts Attorney Thomas Christo, who specializes in computer law, says intense competition leads to hard-sell tactics that hurt the customer. Among them: "low balling," that is, selling a computer that has an attractively low price but is too small to be useful, and "bait and switch," trading up a low-balled customer to a more expensive model. Says Christo: "The vendor is the fox among the lambs."

Small customers were once reluctant to sue big manufacturers, but that is no longer true. In 1980 Quality Books Co. of Northbrook, Ill., a publisher and wholesaler, took out an advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* to ask if anyone was experiencing the problems it was having with a Burroughs B-800 minicomputer. The company received 400 replies, and is suing for $1.9 million. By the following year, Burroughs acknowledged that at least 160 other lawsuits had been filed by users of the B-800 and similar models. Most of the suits have since been settled out of court.

To avoid problems, some buyers hire outside consultants to advise them on purchases. New York Lawyer Esther Schacter actually tore up a contract a client was poised to sign. Says she: "The worst thing a user can do is to rely solely on the seller." That is a lesson used-car buyers learned a long time ago. ■

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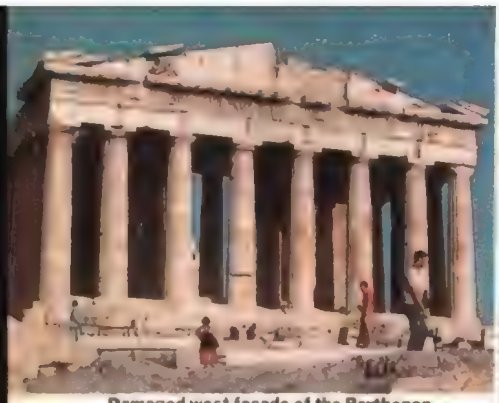
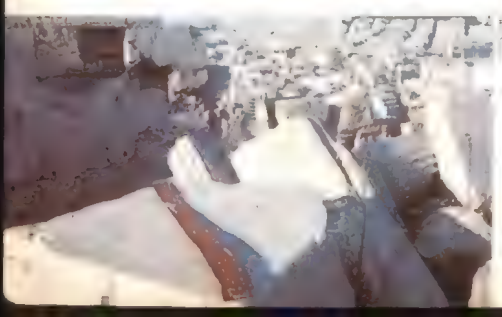


Damaged west facade of the Parthenon

Workmen removing eroded caryatids

Pollution-stained marble, above; rusted iron



Architect Manolis Korres plans to move the fallen stones with a French-built crane

Environment

Saving the Crumbling Parthenon

Experts plan to treat the ravages of rust, fumes and war

Sing, Goddess, of Architect Manolis Korres, 35, and the Committee for the Preservation of the Acropolis Monuments, scientists from many nations gathered in Athens, casting off fear as before a great battle, to plan restoration of the most beautiful wonder of the ancient world: the marble Parthenon. That hilltop temple of Zeus' daughter, Athena the Virgin (Athena Parthenos), has for 2,400 years brought glory to Phidias, sculptor of its fluted columns, and to farseeing Pericles, and to all the Hellenes.

Who of these men could know, in 438 B.C., that heavy-shielded Romans would arrive in 86 B.C. and, centuries after, set fire raging in the temple's interior, consuming the gold-and-ivory statue of fair Athena, a masterwork of Phidias now lost to the ages; or that in the 15th century, conquering Turks from across the wine-dark sea would build a domed mosque atop the Parthenon?

Who in Pericles' day could have imagined that the Parthenon would explode in 1687, destroying 14 of its exterior columns, when Turkish gunpowder stored inside it was hit by true-eyed artillery men of the Venetian Republic, firing near by from the Hill of the Muses? Or that in the 19th century, the seventh Earl of Elgin would carry down from the hill pediment statues and one maidenly caryatid, all doomed to sail in ships made of wood to a foreign place not loved by thundering Zeus, the British Museum?

Do you weep, Goddess? Mankind weeps with you.

In the past 100 years, the temple's scourges have been more prosaic, though equally serious. From the 1890s to the 1930s, well-meaning architects sought to strengthen the battered Parthenon, which originally consisted of some 12,500 white marble stones hewn from Mount Pentelicus, ten miles to the north. The restorers added new iron clamps and rods to hold the marble stones in position. But in doing so, they ignored the wisdom of the Parthenon's original designers, the sculptor Phidias and Architects Ictinus and Callicrates. During the installation of the temple's original iron reinforcing rods, the ancient builders used a form of rust-proofing that has been effective for two millenniums: they wrapped the rods tightly in a sheath of pliable lead, which gave them room to expand and contract, and kept away rust-producing moisture. Unfortunately, later restorers did not seal their irons. So the new rods installed near the turn of this century have already rusted. Worse, as the bare iron expands and contracts with changes in temperature, it cracks the old stones.

More recently, the Parthenon has suffered from an eye-stinging yellow smog that envelops Athens for most of the year. Called the *nefos* (literally, cloud), it is composed mainly of sulfur dioxide, a waste product given off when petroleum is burned in autos, factories and residential furnaces. As rain and dew mix with the SO_2, they form a weak sulfuric acid that turns marble into crumbling plaster.

To save the temple, the Greek government called upon Architect Korres, a native of Athens and a specialist in ancient monuments, who since 1977 has participated in the restoration of the nearby Erechtheum. That project is nearly completed; the scaffolding of the Erechtheum is scheduled for removal in 1984. At this temple engineers also encountered irons rusting within marble. After tearing down the Erechtheum's walls, they replaced the rods with rustproof titanium, a strong, lightweight metal commonly used in air-

plane engines and earth-orbiting craft.

Five caryatids of the Erechtheum, which support carvings that acid rains have obliterated, were replaced temporarily with plaster likenesses. The original caryatids have been taken to the Acropolis Museum, where they will be placed in a glass chamber filled with nitrogen, a gas that acts as a preservative.

Restoration of the Parthenon will prove a more difficult task: the 24,000-sq.-ft. building is more devastated and considerably larger than the 3,000-sq.-ft. Erechtheum. Thousands of the Parthenon's stones have toppled to the ground. After being carefully numbered and, in some cases, fitted to new pieces of Pentelic marble, the stones will be raised and stacked into position on the temple's walls. Enough old stones exist to rebuild much of the wall of the Parthenon's rectangular interior chamber, or cella.

To move the marble stones, some of which weigh as much as twelve tons, Korres plans to use a French-built arch crane with dangling giant forceps. When work begins (perhaps as soon as December), the crane's silhouette will stretch skyward from the Acropolis, dwarfing the monuments. Its first task: setting straight a carved column at the temple's southeast corner, which has tilted precariously since a 1981 earthquake moved its base by more than one inch. When the crane is idle, its upper portions will fold down, out of sight of the residents and visitors in the city below.

After hearing Korres' proposal earlier this month, the international gathering of historians, engineers and scientists gave high marks to his plan, although some seismologists urged that more study be given to earthquake protection. As Engineer N.N. Ambraseys of the University of London observed, "I have heard that an earthquake is an act of God. But what is today an act of God might tomorrow be an act of criminal neglect." Athenian Engineer Costas Zambas argued against structural changes, saying, "We must respect the Parthenon's construction as it was made in the first place, even if by modern calculations this would make it vulnerable. Its resistance has been proved."

The restoration, Architect Korres insisted, should not try to return the temple to mint condition. As he put it, "Acts of vandalism and the decline of the original architectural system all form part of the history of the building. We are obliged to accept that the perfect lines and surfaces have been lost forever and that the monument has a new character—that of a ruin."

So spoke Korres, spiritual descendant of Phidias, and so ended the council in Athens, most properly as it seemed to all, for it is best to go slowly in matters so weighty. That way one guards against error and shows respect for the past, the future and the protector of men, gray-eyed Athena. —*By Kenneth M. Pierce.*
Reported by Mirka Gondicas/Athens

Cars and trucks find less than ideal conditions on the flooded Lardprao Road east of Bangkok

Rescuing a Sinking City

Lashed by monsoon rains, sodden Bangkok slowly goes under

Two people are shot when a group of desperate families raids a flood-control embankment. The wounded raiders are seeking to drain the water from their suburban Bangkok district; the gunman is protecting his dryer neighborhood. Elsewhere in the sodden Thai city, slum-dwellers stage boat races in water fouled with raw sewage, and medical teams distribute antityphoid vaccine and foot-fungus ointment. It is monsoon season in Southeast Asia, and as this year's rains have made all too obvious, Bangkok (pop. 5.5 million) is slowly sinking.

The Thais themselves inadvertently pulled the plug. Their 200-year-old capital began as a trading village in swampy lowlands on the banks of the Chao Phraya River. Natural and man-made *klongs* (canals) provided transport and natural drainage. After World War II, economic growth lured hundreds of thousands of workers to the city, and newly prosperous Bangkok took to the automobile with a vengeance. In the scramble for road space, most *klongs* were filled in.

Wading becomes a way of life

When the city's water supply failed to keep pace with expansion, private industries, hotels and housing estates sank their own artesian wells into the water table on which the city rests. During the past 15 years, with more than 11,000 wells sucking the underground reservoir dry, the city has been sinking at a rate of four to twelve inches a year. Parts of the city have dropped as much as three feet. Warns Prinya Nutalaya, professor of geotechnical engineering at the Asian Institute of Technology: "If nothing is done, all of Bangkok will be under water by the turn of the century."

The warning signs are everywhere. One shopping mall needed new steps to cover a yawning cavity where foundation and structure had parted. On many city streets, rows of boxlike shops have plunged several feet below crumbling sidewalks. Deep cracks creep along concrete walls of office buildings and townhouses. Floods strike if it rains more than one inch an hour. In early September a three-hour cloudburst covered most of the city with a foot of water.

A combination of public apathy and the government's traditional *mai pen rai* (never mind) attitude has for years hampered efforts to save the city. But now Deputy Prime Minister Phichai Rattakul is leading a movement to design an antiflood master plan. Thirty-two projects have been approved so far. It is estimated that the entire plan will be completed in five to ten years.

Since the Chao Phraya's waters are committed to the irrigation of farm land, Bangkok will have to pipe in its water supply from a river some 60 miles to the west. The private wells would be shut down, and a dike could then be built around the city, with a runoff canal leading directly to the sea. Finally, the plan calls for Bangkok's sagging water table to be refilled, a move that should stop the sinking process. City planners are pessimistic, however, because the final price tag could run to several times Bangkok's annual budget of $207 million.

Still, Deputy Prime Minister Phichai is determined to solve the problem. Says he: "Even if it would cost 10 billion *baht* [$435 million], I don't mind." Others fear that the project will fall victim to post-monsoon *mai pen rai*. Predicts one specialist on flood control: "After autumn, after the rains, they will forget." ■

People

Namath dons a new uniform in *The Caine Mutiny* with Moriarty

When he wore the green-and-white jersey of the New York Jets, **Joe Namath,** 40, was known as Broadway Joe for his love of swinging night life. Now he is back on the Great White Way in a different uniform, that of a U.S. Navy officer. Namath is making his Broadway debut in a revival of Herman Wouk's crackling 1954 drama, *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial.* The boudoir eyes and patent leer that marred the actor's film *(C.C. and Company)* and TV performances were refreshingly absent last week as he took over the role of Lieut. Maryk, a well-intentioned innocent who assumes command of a wartime minesweeper from the unbalanced Lieut. Commander Queeg. Clearly awed to be in the company of such all-pro actors as **Michael Moriarty,** 42, who plays Defense Attorney Barney Greenwald, and **Philip Bosco** (Queeg), 53, Namath calls the role "my greatest thrill so far in show business." Broadway Joe has only one minor problem: the military haircut ordered by the director. Says Namath: "At least it doesn't take long to dry it."

■

Body Builder **Lisa Lyon,** 30, is too busy these days to pump much iron. The U.C.L.A. anthropology graduate, who can deadlift 225 lbs., has written and appeared in two pictorial best-sellers *(Lady; Lisa Lyon's Body Magic)* that feature muscle-bulging poses she calls "body sculpture." Now she has left her duties as hostess of a Playboy Network talk show to develop a fashion-modeling career. The 5-ft. 3½-in., 105-lb. unscrawny mannequin currently appears on six pages of the German edition of *Vogue;* her physique may soon grace rag-trade magazines in Italy and Japan. Lyon will appear before the fashion crowd in person next month, she says, when she models the Liza Bruce ready-to-wear collection in London. Adds she: "I see myself as a representative of a new life, a fusion of mind and body." Press on, Lisa.

Lyon does a fashion flex

■

"I've got my earplugs in my bag. Do you think I'm going to need them?" asked **Diana,** Princess of Wales, 22, as she and **Prince Charles** arrived at London's Royal Albert Hall for a gala charity rock concert featuring, among others, Drummer **Charlie Watts** of the ever scruffy **Rolling Stones,** along with Singer **Steve Winwood** and Guitarist **Eric Clapton.** Not to listen to *Satisfaction,* perhaps, but the svelte, silver-clad Di might have wanted to use the stoppers elsewhere. For weeks, curious Britons have been chattering about whether the Princess is pregnant again. London's tabloid *Daily Mirror* reported that the Princess had announced her happy condition at a family dinner in Balmoral Castle. But Buckingham Palace has maintained a proper silence about what the Princess quite reasonably says is "a private matter." When she visited a school for mentally handicapped children last week, Di was handed a bouquet by 13-year-old Student Fiona Pasmore, who shyly reached out, patted the royal tummy and reportedly asked, "How's your baby, then?" Said the surprised Princess: "Did I hear right?" She did, but once again avoided answering the question.

Ervin: more than a country lawyer

■

Ten years ago this month, as the gruff but masterly chairman of the Senate's special committee to investigate Watergate charges and Richard Nixon, **Sam Ervin,** 86, described himself as "just an ole country lawyer." Since he retired to part-time private practice in Morganton, N.C., in 1974, the bushy-browed raconteur has also been a busy author. *Humor of a Country Lawyer,* his just-published anecdotal collection, covers everything from Ervin's circuit-riding attorney days to Watergate to the Social Security computer that paid him a lump-sum death benefit by mistake. He is troubled by arthritis, hypertension and other ailments, but reports of ole Sam's death were exaggerated. Indeed, he says he "feels pretty good" on the eve of his 87th birthday this week. There is no party planned as far as he knows, but, he says, with a Yoda-like smile, "I wouldn't oppose one." He predicts that Ronald Reagan will run again and win. But Sam is loyal to his party. Says he: "I guess if the devil ran as a Democrat, I'd vote for him."

■

The former Robert Zimmerman of Hibbing, Minn.,

Diana greets Rockers Watts, Winwood and Clapton

first publicly showed an interest in his spiritual roots in 1970, when he attended Jewish Defense League meetings. Then his 1979 *Slow Train Coming* album suggested that he had become a born-afresh Christian. The latest reported twist in his spiritual quest was the news that **Bob Dylan,** 42, has decided to spend time studying with and cut an album of songs for a strictly orthodox Jewish sect, the Lubavitch Hasidim, in Brooklyn, N.Y. Last week Dylan was spotted at Jerusalem's Wailing Wall for his son's bar mitzvah, wearing a yarmulke and phylacteries (the two leather boxes containing scriptural passages worn by men on the left arm and forehead). Dylan from time to time has referred to his religious interests in language as elusive as the metaphors of his folk-rock anthems. Consider this recent observation: "Roots, man—check up on Elijah the prophet. He could make it rain. Isaiah the prophet, even Jeremiah, see if their brethren didn't want to bust their brains for telling it right like it is . . . I ain't looking for roots in synagogues with six-pointed Egyptian stars, but, you know, it's sleepy time down south."

Dylan in phylacteries and yarmulke at his son's bar mitzvah

The power of celebrity in the modern age is sometimes astonishing to behold. But miraculous? In Europe rumors have circulated that a devout tourist had her prayers answered last spring and a doctor recorded the inexplicable recovery of a patient; both attributed the developments to the intervention of **Princess Grace** of Monaco. So now a handful of the Roman Catholic faithful are proposing Grace for beatification, a step along the road to sainthood. Committees to aid the cause are forming in Italy and reportedly in Philadelphia, her home town, and Hollywood as well. During a memorial service for the Princess in Rome, Msgr. Piero Pintus of the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucino surprised Monaco's Ambassador to Italy by announcing that he would gather signatures to begin the lengthy formal process. Said Pintus: "I am sure Princess Grace is in paradise. She may some day do a miracle." Neither the Kellys of Philadelphia nor the Grimaldis of Monaco have bothered to issue a statement on the prospect, and a Vatican source remarked, "A lot of caution must be used. Nowadays, we are victims of mass media and publicity." —*By J.D. Reed*

This year's Miss America comes with such standard features as beauty, talent and ambition. But **Vanessa Williams,** 20, is unique in at least two ways. She is the first black titleholder in the 62-year history of the contest, and she is delightfully willing to speak her mind. She supports the Equal Rights Amendment and thinks abortion is "a right a woman should have." Asked endlessly about the significance of being the first black winner, she sighed, "It's hard to come up with fresh answers to a question that doesn't really mean anything." Furthermore, she said, "don't expect me to favor every black cause that comes along." Black leaders enthusiastically favored her victory. Said Civil Rights Activist **Jesse Jackson:** "Vanessa did for the Miss America Pageant what Jackie Robinson did for the Dodgers."

The beauty queen was not aiming at barriers or breakthroughs. She entered the Miss America Pageant because "I needed the money." The title means a $25,000 scholarship, and in addition she will earn more than $100,000 for appearances across the nation this year. Williams plays piano and French horn, won the talent competition with her singing, and wants to make it as a musical actress. The Syracuse University junior only competed in a local swimsuit contest last spring because a campus drama production folded. Since her crowning in Atlantic City, where she edged out the first runner-up, Miss New Jersey, **Suzette Charles,** 20, who also is black, Williams has been surrounded by chaperons and sponsors and hounded by *paparazzi*. But she has not been stampeded. "It's difficult to develop overnight opinions on things I haven't even researched," she says levelly. "People think I should have an answer for everything. Well, I'm just human."

Williams in the talent contest, left; with First Runner-Up Charles after winning; fooling around on the beach at Atlantic City, right

Retracing the Reformation

Catholic and Lutheran theologians agree on a key doctrinal issue

In the distant past, theological disputes between Protestants and Roman Catholics were, quite literally, matters of life and death. Tens of thousands of people died during the devastating religious wars of the 16th and 17th centuries. Sharp differences remain on some basic points of doctrine, but in recent years the churches have been working quietly to resolve these old dogmatic quarrels. Last week a panel of 20 Lutheran and Catholic theologians, meeting in Milwaukee, announced that they had reached essential agreement on the meaning of "justification," one of the key issues of the Protestant Reformation. The theologians said the remaining points of difference about this doctrine were no longer reason to keep their churches apart.

It is a central tenet of Christianity that sinful humans must be reconciled ("justified") with a righteous God to be saved. In traditional Catholic doctrine, the reception of the sacraments and the performance of good works can assist the process of salvation. Martin Luther, the German priest who broke with Rome and initiated the Reformation when he nailed his theses to a church door in Wittenberg, argued that people were saved by God's grace through faith alone. He cited St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans 5: 1:* "Since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God."

Summarizing the new agreement, the theologians said, "We can and do confess together that our hope for salvation rests entirely on God's merciful action in Christ." The remaining differences, as well as the agreements, will be spelled out in a 21,000-word joint statement to be issued this week.

Discussing the accord, theologians on the panel spoke of reaching a new tolerance for each other's views. H. George Anderson, co-chairman of the talks and president of Iowa's Luther College, said that for Lutherans justification remains "the template, the pattern of how God and man relate. For Catholics, it is one doctrine among many." More basic, the Catholics on the panel assured the Lutherans that they believed that good works alone could not bring salvation, while the Lutherans declared that their emphasis upon faith and God's grace did not mean they rejected the importance of good works in the life of a Christian.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Luther posting theses

As a result of the negotiations, the Rev. Carl Peter, dean of the School of Religious Studies at Catholic University, believes that "when Lutherans teach and preach what Catholics hold, they will be more careful, and vice versa."

The conclusion of the talks provided a symbolically telling reminder of how deeply the two churches are still divided. After the discussions ended, the Lutherans and the Catholics filed into different chapels to celebrate their achievement with separate Eucharists. ■

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A TV Monument to the "TV War"

PBS's chronicle of the sorrow and the pity of Viet Nam

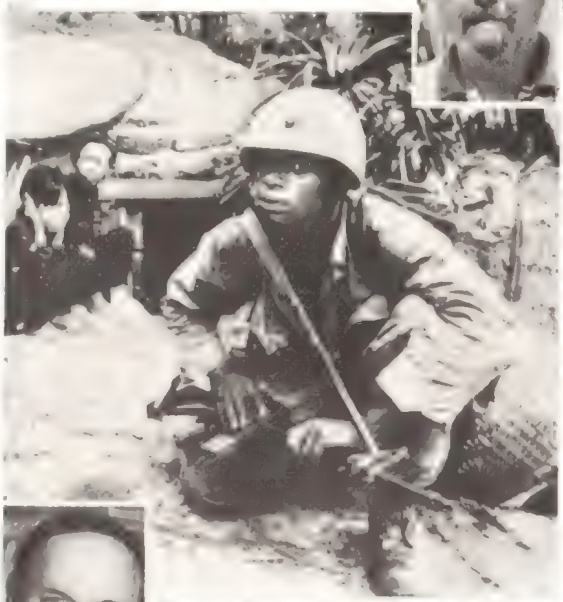
For years it seemed like the war that dared not speak its name. There were few parades or movies to celebrate the 2.5 million Americans who served in Viet Nam or the 58,000 who died there, few political post-mortems, even to apportion the blame for defeat. There was only a prolonged consensus for forgetting.

Of late, however, American scholars and the American public seem more ready for a reckoning. The reappraisal with perhaps the greatest potential for emotional impact is a 13-hour documentary series, *Viet Nam: A Television History*, to air starting next week on the Public Broadcasting Service. (One episode will also be shown this Friday by ABC News, which donated $50,000 to the project in 1978.) The ambitious series was produced by PBS's Boston affiliate, WGBH, in conjunction with Britain's Central Independent Television and France's Antenne 2. Assembled by a multinational team that focused on America but gained access to Communist Viet Nam, the 13-part report is fair and generally balanced. It speaks more in sorrow than in anger, without accusations or the smug wisdom of hindsight and with sensitivity to the tragedy of what started as a noble cause.

Viet Nam was a televised war, a "living-room war," in the phrase of Critic Michael Arlen. The camera still conveys, more immediately than almost anything in print, the imagery and texture of war: whirring helicopters, cascades of bombs from the bellies of B-52s, the devastation wrought by battle. As used in the series, the camera is also a neutral observer: it provides a forum to participants ranging from former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong and from Americans who considered the war honorable to those who believed it immoral. Conclusions about right and wrong are left to the viewer.

There are not many revelations in this television history, nor were there likely to be: the footage was drawn chiefly from public records and from the recollections of figures whose views are well known. The intent is to tell why the U.S. went to Viet Nam, how it lost a sense of purpose in being there, and how and why it left. The scope of the six-year, $4.6 million project is impressive: the production team obtained 94 hours of film—200,000 feet—from archives in eleven countries and conducted 5,000 transcript pages' worth of interviews. The principal reporter, Stanley Karnow, 58, first went to Viet Nam in 1950, when it was still part of French Indochina, and later became a foreign correspondent for TIME, the Washington *Post* and NBC. Executive Producer Richard Ellison, 59, formerly headed overseas production for TIME-LIFE Films.

What makes *Viet Nam: A Television History* effective is less its grand scale than its telling detail. The opening hour, which concentrates on France's century of colonial control, offers chilling hints of why the Vietnamese nationalists were so implacable: in the first years of the 20th century, postcards of severed Vietnamese heads were mailed by French soldiers to their sweethearts; some 2 million Vietnamese died of starvation during and after World War II. The narrative recalls that North Vietnamese Leader Ho Chi Minh collaborated at the end of that war with U.S. intelligence agents and modeled Viet Nam's 1945 declaration of independence on America's. These facts could lead to a romantic string of what-ifs; indeed, some former U.S. diplomats contend on-camera that Ho might have become a U.S. ally. But the documentary is careful to depict Ho's lifelong commitment to Communism and his close ties with the Soviet Union and China.



CATHERINE KARNOW

Creators Karnow, left, and Ellison; a Marine patrol meets villagers in a scene from the series

The second episode, about how the French were driven out in 1954, is enhanced by extraordinary footage obtained from the Communist government in Hanoi of the battle for Dien Bien Phu. The third hour, about American support for, and eventual abandonment of, Ngo Dinh Diem, includes horrific scenes of a Buddhist monk setting himself ablaze as a protest against Diem's government, followed by a clip of Diem's sister-in-law Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu sneering at the monk for using "imported gasoline." President John Kennedy is shown saying in September 1963, "It is their war. The [South Vietnamese] government has gotten out of touch with the people."

The fourth and fifth hours depict President Lyndon Johnson as a tragic figure, torn between desire for peace and belief that the U.S. owed its South Vietnamese ally a debt of loyalty. The sixth hour describes the North Vietnamese, both as they viewed themselves and as they were seen by American prisoners of war, whom they abused and tortured. Subsequent shows chronicle the attempt to "Vietnamize" the conflict by withdrawing U.S. troops, the simultaneous expansion of the war to Cambodia and Laos, North Viet Nam's public relations triumph despite the military failure of its 1968 Tet offensive, the protracted peace negotiations, and the antiwar movement in the U.S.

There are poignant glimpses of American soldiers. One recalls that the rule was "Shoot first, ask questions later," and sobs, "The thing I have nightmares about is the woman in the rice fields whom I shot one day because she was running—for no other reason, because she was running from the Americans who were going to kill her. And I killed her. And at the time I didn't even think twice about it." The "home front" hour is also full of painful recollection: it couples the public anguish over the assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert Kennedy with the private grief of veterans who gave back their war decorations as a gesture of protest and of families who gathered at fallen soldiers' gravesites. The final hours (the 13th is still being edited and will close the series Dec. 20) are to portray the collapse of the South Viet Nam regime in 1975, two years after the U.S. Army left, and the war's continuing repercussions in Southeast Asia and in the U.S.

Despite the length, the first twelve hours are rarely repetitive, never languorous. The narration, by Boston Actor Will Lyman, is unintrusive and kept to a minimum. The only conspicuous adornment is

a jungle-beat musical theme written by Mickey Hart and Bill Kreutzmann of the rock group the Grateful Dead.

There are shortcomings. The series gives glancing attention to the destructive American impact in South Viet Nam: corruption, prostitution, an overheated and dependent economy. The first twelve shows offer almost no impression of life in North Viet Nam or of what the Communists planned to impose on the South. As usual, the U.S. suffers for being an open society: there is almost no film or discussion of Soviet military activity, and the footage supplied by Hanoi often seems sanitized; while most of the Americans who are interviewed are thoughtful, there is no flicker of self-criticism among the people interviewed in today's Viet Nam.

For Americans who do not recall the war, especially its all but accidental beginnings, the 13 hours can serve as a comprehensive and comprehensible history lesson. For those who remember all too well, the series offers an opportunity for reconsideration, perhaps reconciliation. If given the chance, the chronicle might captivate even those who feel they have no will or wish to relive the sorrow and the pity of that time. —*By William A. Henry III.*

Reported by James Wilde/New York

Rather Not

Way out for a star anchor

CBS's *60 Minutes* is the foremost practitioner of the ambush interview, and the network's evening news anchor, Dan Rather, a former reporter on the show, has conducted more than a few. So when TV Reporter Steve Wilson of San Francisco got nowhere with repeated requests to question Rather about *60 Minutes*' methods for the syndicated *Breakaway*, he confronted Rather outside CBS News' New York studios. The anchor reacted in the way that people he has ambushed have sometimes wanted to: he turned Wilson down on-camera, using a four-letter word for a sex act. But Wilson had the last laugh: footage of Rather's outburst was aired on the show in 65 cities, with the *mot bleu* bleeped out. The anchor apologized in a letter: "That was inexcusable, rude and un-Christian behavior for which I am remorseful." ■

The confrontation: the expletive was deleted

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The Sublime Commander

EISENHOWER: SOLDIER, GENERAL OF THE ARMY, PRESIDENT-ELECT
by Stephen E. Ambrose; Simon & Schuster; 637 pages; $22.95

In the minds of some scholars, he was a mediocre President, indifferent to the civil rights movement, spineless in the face of McCarthyism, slow of wit and out of touch with the currents of upheaval swirling beneath the calm surface of the 1950s. To more and more students of the era, however, Dwight David Eisenhower was a canny leader who brilliantly outmaneuvered subordinates and statesmen. Author and Biographer Stephen E. Ambrose can claim a seat in each camp.

A professor of history at the University of New Orleans and an editor of Eisenhower's papers, Ambrose is a careful, thorough critic of Ike as citizen, soldier and President. But he is also something of a fan, beguiled by a figure who was "decisive, well disciplined, courageous, dedicated . . . intensely curious about people and places, often refreshingly naive, fun-loving—in short a wonderful man to know or be around."

There is indeed much to admire in a man who overcame such an obvious lack of promise. As a boy in Abilene, Kans., Ike excelled at little beyond football. At West Point, from which he graduated in 1915 an unimpressive 61st in a class of 164, he excelled at little beyond football. As a young Army officer, he excelled at little beyond coaching the unit football team. World War I ended before Eisenhower could get to Europe, and in the shrunken interwar Army, he was stuck at the rank of major for 16 years. His career going nowhere, Eisenhower almost left the Army to become military-affairs editor of a newspaper chain.

A few of his superiors, however, saw in the young officer qualities that did not leap from his 201 file. He had a grin that could melt the coldest commanding officer. He could write a mean memo, a talent then, as now, in short supply in the Army. He could take an abandoned field at Gettysburg, Pa., and turn it into a tank corps training camp with impressive speed and imagination, and without benefit of tanks. Douglas MacArthur picked Eisenhower in 1935 to help him build an army for the soon-to-be-independent Philippines. At the outbreak of World War II, General George Marshall, newly appointed Army Chief of Staff, tapped the 51-year-old colonel to be one of his top aides.

As a result, Ike almost missed that war too. Marshall insisted that he stay in the Pentagon drafting battle plans; Eisenhower lobbied to be sent to the front. Marshall finally relented and shipped him to England in 1942 to command U.S. forces there, even though he had never seen combat. Photogenic, affable and straight-talking, he turned out to be a press agent's dream—but a disaster as a strategist. Ike was too deferential to the British in North Africa and overly cautious in the Italian campaign; he became bogged down in squabbling with General Charles de Gaulle and Admiral Jean Darlan over France's fate. But he learned fast, and by December 1943, when he took command of all Allied forces for the Normandy landing, Ike was sure and decisive. But he was not always right. Too many days and lives were squandered at Arnhem in 1944, argues Ambrose, when the Allies should have been trying to seize Antwerp. That would have opened up the European port nearest Germany's heartland and, he asserts, ended the war months sooner. Even worse, as the Wehrmacht collapsed, Eisenhower turned his armies toward the Alps instead of racing the Soviets to Berlin, a blunder that left a lasting imprint on the map of Europe.

General Dwight David Eisenhower in Hawaii, 1946

In diaries, memoirs and postwar interviews, Eisenhower was not entirely candid about the war. He blandly insisted that Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery had been a pleasure to work with; Ambrose describes Eisenhower as perpetually furious at the British leader's surliness and reluctance to go on the offensive. For years Ike claimed that he had been hostile to the Soviets from the first; his biographer depicts him as so eager to prove American good faith at war's end that he never challenged the idea of Soviet troops in Germany.

On the whole, however, Ambrose remains a fan. He finds kind words even for some of Eisenhower's more forgettable episodes, like his postwar presidency of Columbia University: though often criticized for his reclusiveness, lack of sophistication and reluctance to stand up for academic freedom, Eisenhower launched more new programs in a 2½-year span than most of his predecessors. Some of his highest, and lowest, moments came in the 1952 presidential race, which he entered with feigned reluctance. The candidate did not have the nerve to repudiate Wisconsin's red-baiting Joseph McCarthy—even after he smeared General Marshall, Ike's patron—but otherwise took firm command of the campaign. He did, for instance, shrewdly overrule professional advice that he ignore the South and avoid making peace with his Republican rival, isolationist Senator Robert Taft of Ohio. He rejected right-wing Republican demands for a drastic escalation of the Korean conflict, and instead sealed his election victory with a single, mostly meaningless but nonetheless brilliant

Excerpt

"He awoke at 3:30 a.m. A wind of almost hurricane proportions was shaking his trailer. The rain seemed to be traveling in horizontal streaks. He dressed and gloomily drove through a mile of mud to Southwick House for the last meeting. It was still not too late to call off the [Normandy] operation . . . The ships were sailing into the Channel. If they were to be called back, it had to be done now. The Supreme Commander was the only man who could do it. Eisenhower thought for a moment, then said quietly but clearly, 'O.K., let's go.' And again, cheers rang through Southwick House.

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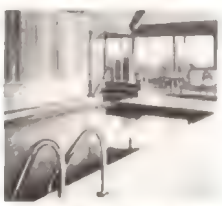

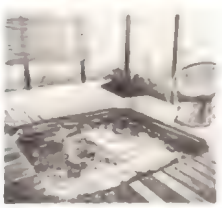

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declaration: "I shall go to Korea."

The Eisenhower of *Eisenhower* is a tower of appealing contradictions: ambitious but diffident; short-tempered but generous; flirtatious with his wartime driver Kay Summersby, but, Ambrose insists, scrupulously faithful to Wife Mamie. Surveying his subject's pre-White House career, Ambrose concludes, "It can be argued that no man elected to the presidency was ever better prepared for the demands of the job."

That rather breathtaking assertion will be argued in detail in Volume II of Ambrose's ambitious, two-part biography. If the sequel is as fond, closely researched and persuasively fair as Volume I, then the soldier from Abilene—stuck at the rank of major-but-misunderstood President for 14 years since his death—is due for a promotion. —*By Donald Morrison*

Sophomore Slump

WINTER'S TALE
by Mark Helprin
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 673 pages; $14.95

Even before publication, the word on *Winter's Tale* was astonishment. In an eight-day auction, nine publishers bid for the manuscript; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich acquired the rights for $250,000 plus a $100,000 promotional budget, plus a $100,000 option on Author Mark Helprin's next novel. In a time of recession in the publishing industry, the purchase seemed profligate. But it has already begun to pay off. A first printing of 50,000 has disappeared rapidly, and the book has already made the bestseller list. Yet all these achievements pale beside Helprin's purple aura of self-importance.

Winter's Tale charts the adventures of Peter Lake, a mythic figure who progresses from waif to demigod, from the late 19th century to the third millennium, preserved by mysterious forces, pursued by the forces of evil, accompanied by his flying steed Athansor. The locale of his escapade is a New York City that neither was nor will be, decorated with baroque snowstorms, peopled by feral children and avaricious millionaires, blighted by the spirits of the poor and, ultimately, illuminated by a distant vision of the Just City. There a bridge will be built, reaching from Manhattan to the vault of heaven.

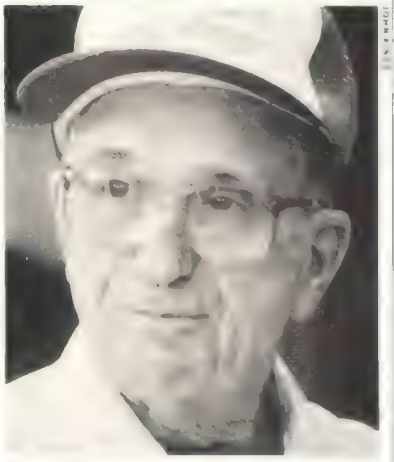
Mark Helprin
A purple aura of self-importance.

On the journey, Helprin, 36, strains for comparisons to his 19th century master. The names of characters could have been culled from the pages of *The Pickwick Papers:* the Rev. Mootfowl, Pearly Soames, Rupert Binky, Daythril Moobcot, Hardesty Marratta, Jesse Honey. The portraits of the huddled poor, the satirically named newspapers (the *Evening Ghost*, the *Morning Whale)* all echo Dickens' works. But it is Oliver without a Twist, Chuzzle minus the wit.

Helprin's previous fiction *(Refiner's Fire, A Dove of the East)* has been characterized by precision and nuance. Here, gestures become poses, and narratives grow windy and precious. A woman "sweeps the pantry with her motile and patibulary eyes." "On infinite meadows in the black, creatures made of misty light tossed their manes in motionless eternal swings that passed through the stars like wind sweeping through wildflowers." The novel's conclusion is a collector's item: "What of Peter Lake, you may ask? . . . Was he able to stop time? . . . At least until there are new lakes in the clouds that open upon living cities as yet unknown, and perhaps forever, that is a question which you must answer within your own heart." Meanwhile, similes and metaphors are platitudes or worse: the city draws a horse to it "like a magnet"; Peter is "wound up like a spring"; another character is "putty in the hands" of a widow; New York looks "like a piece of flashing jewelry."

Occasionally one of Helprin's set pieces achieves a lyric quality: a ride on the local Pegasus, a description of the Lake of the Coheeries, where a fast freeze of heavy blue water has left a place of endless glass, as perfect as an astronomer's mirror. Almost all of the wintry scenes in the novel are palpable; the cold is as much a character as Peter himself. But the connecting sentences seem to have tumbled from the pages of the Kahlil Gibran calendar: "We are falling now, and our swift unobserved descent will bring us to life that is blooming in the quiet of another time."

Because of its Arthurian hero, its aspartame mysticism and its prating about "the language of the heart," *Winter's Tale* is a prime candidate for campus cult book, alongside *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and *The Prophet*. Fair enough; an epic so manifestly in awe of itself belongs strictly to the sophomores and the sophomoric at heart. —*By Stefan Kanfer*



James Michener

Low Altitude

POLAND
by James A. Michener
Random House; 556 pages; $17.95

"You can't go out and just whomp it up. You have to be prepared," says James A. Michener, by way of explaining how he produces his blockbuster historical novels. In preparing for *Poland*, his 31st book, he has applied the formula that served him well in previous novels about the 50th state *(Hawaii)*, Palestine *(The Source)* and South Africa *(The Covenant)*. True, he was not permitted to spend a year or two, as he usually does, at the site of his new novel, but he did visit Poland twelve times. Once, he says, he flew all over the country in a helicopter "at a very low altitude." He seems to have landed on a mountain of historical research commissioned from "local authorities" in Poland.

His 700-year saga is a collage of the most dismal events in Polish history, including invasions by Tatars, Cossacks and Turks; partitioning by Russia, Austria and Germany; and the Nazi occupation during World War II. Michener attempts to impose an artificial symmetry upon these events by telling the stories of three fictional families who do battle through the centuries against the country's successive despoilers. Each family represents a different stratum of society. The Lubonskis are nobles, the Bukowskis are members of the gentry, and the Buks are peasants. To keep the scions of these families rushing forth to affront Cossacks in 1648 and Germans in 1939, Michener has had to rely on a series of coincidences that strain credulity as each new era unfolds.

Poland is scarcely more convincing as history than it is as fiction. Oversimplifications and omissions abound. Clearly, the research received from the local authorities suffers from the twin failings of modern Polish historiography: Commu-

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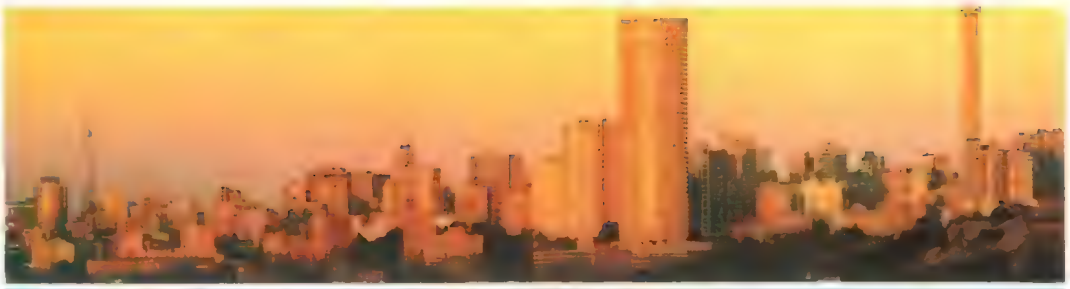

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Books

nist rewriting of history and nationalist bias. Michener all but ignores the division of Poland between Stalin and Hitler in 1939. And he does not mention the Nazi slaughter of Polish underground forces and civilians during the 1944 Warsaw uprising, as the Red Army stood by across the river from the capital.

Another gap in the record seems to have been designed to cosmeticize Polish anti-Semitism. The country's once vast Jewish community is neglected, except for brief mentions that downgrade its economic and cultural contributions. Jews are usually characterized as moneylenders or itinerant musicians, although they were the bulwark of the country's middle class during the 16th and part of the 17th centuries. The harsh restrictions on Jews and the frequent pogroms from the mid-17th century onward are summarized in four words: "Animosities did sometimes flare." Allowances are made for a German SS officer: "In his favor, it should be said that he himself never tortured a prisoner, not even a Jew."

Michener and his researchers have also underplayed the crucial role of the Roman Catholic Church in Poland. The author may have been "allowed to see the workings of a church within a Communist country," but he seems to regard the institution as essentially irrelevant. In fact, the church has given Poles a sense of national pride rare in Eastern Europe, as well as the solidarity—in every sense of the word—to fight their oppressors. Any historical novel depends on credible and impartial sources. But here, Michener's informants have played him false, and he has taken them at their word. It is a mistake no reader need repeat. ***—By Patricia Blake***

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Poland, *Michener (1 last week)*
2. Changes, *Steel (2)*
3. Hollywood Wives, *Collins (4)*
4. Who Killed the Robins Family?, *Adler and Chastain (3)*
5. Christine, *King (5)*
6. August, *Rossner (6)*
7. The Name of the Rose, *Eco (7)*
8. The Seduction of Peter S., *Sanders (9)*
9. Monimbo, *Moss and De Borchgrave (10)*
10. Winter's Tale, *Helprin*

NONFICTION

1. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (1)*
2. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (2)*
3. Creating Wealth, *Allen (3)*
4. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (4)*
5. Motherhood, *Bombeck (8)*
6. On Wings of Eagles, *Follett (6)*
7. Out on a Limb, *MacLaine*
8. The Best of James Herriot, *Herriot (5)*
9. Tough Times Never Last, but Tough People Do!, *Schuller (7)*
10. The Peter Pan Syndrome, *Kiley (10)*

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An Organization at War with Itself

Legal Services rifles its files and ruffles some feathers

"It's a grudge, a vendetta. It's his dark, Darth Vader side," says Alberto Saldamando, executive director of California Rural Legal Assistance. Of all the social programs growing out of the Great Society, there is none that Ronald Reagan dislikes more than the Legal Services Corporation, an independent organization that channels federal funds to legal aid lawyers for the poor in civil cases. Reagan's animosity dates from the late '60s when as Governor of California he was unable to restrict some state social programs because of legal aid lawsuits. Even after it became clear two years ago that a bipartisan congressional majority was going to protect Legal Services, Administration officials continued their assault. Now, with Reagan appointees at the top, a new phase in the conflict has opened. The LSC is at war with itself.

Clients wait for hours to see two beleaguered lawyers at Los Angeles center

It heated up two months ago when Legal Services President Donald Bogard ordered a bizarre set of "raids" on his own regional offices in search of material showing questionable practices by his predecessors. That effort struck pay dirt with the release last week of a preliminary report from the General Accounting Office, alleging that some former Legal Services officials and grant recipients violated LSC's prohibition on using funds for political organizing. The GAO, which is the investigative arm of Congress, based its 16-page report principally on a January 1981 meeting in Boulder, Colo., attended by top Legal Services officials. The report notes that Alan Houseman, then head of LSC's research institute, along with other speakers, advocated a massive lobbying effort to save Legal Services.

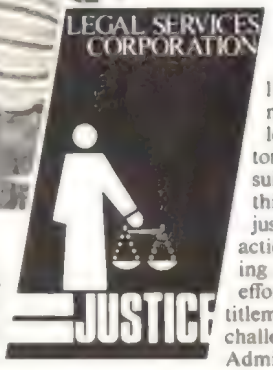
Former Legal Services officials deny that this call to political action violated LSC rules. They charge that the GAO report and other investigations are nothing more than a collateral attack on the program's existence. LSC President Bogard, who took over the agency last December, warns ominously that the apparent past abuses "could very well have an adverse effect on the continuation of the corporation."

The report provides fresh ammunition for Legal Services critics, who will again try to cut back the program in the current session of Congress. The LSC received $241 million for this fiscal year, down from its $321 million peak during fiscal 1981.

Although he denies being part of a Reagan wrecking crew, Bogard knows that others in the organization do not agree. A recent memo from two of his deputies ordered regional staffers not to have any contact with elected officials or the press. The latest source of indignation in the ranks is a set of proposed new regulations that could make millions of poor people, many of them elderly, ineligible for free legal assistance. The pending rules could disqualify those with more than $15,000 equity in a home or $4,500 in a car. They would also assume that a household's assets are the assets of any person residing there, including elderly parents living with their children, retarded people living with relatives, and battered wives living at home.

Says Robert Lehrer of the Legal Assistance Foundation of Chicago: "The newly unemployed who lost their jobs under this Administration's policies have been flooding our offices for help in getting disability benefits. Now they will be ineligible for that help." John Barrett, executive director of the Legal Services Corporation of Iowa, notes that poor farmers and the elderly in his state may not be able to get legal services under the new rules. "Some of these people paid maybe $8,000 for their homes in the '40s," he says, "and simply due to inflation those homes are worth enough today to disqualify them. And these are pretty awful homes."

Even before the proposal of the new rules, legal aid attorneys across the country were thoroughly demoralized. "Everything is an emergency," says Los Angeles' Elena Ackel. "There were 33 messages on my desk today, and all of them had 'urgent' on them." The number of Legal Services–funded lawyers has declined from a high of 6,337 in 1981 to 4,791 today. The 326 organizations that receive LSC grants have had to close more than 300 of the 1,475 offices they operated two years ago. Those who are able to make their way to a legal aid office are often turned away. The attorneys are too overworked to handle many of the divorce and child-custody cases, landlord-tenant disputes and other routine problems that are the bulk of their work.



And there is little time to do what the Administration most dislikes—attack Government policies. California legal aid lawyers, once notorious for their class-action suits on behalf of the poor, this year managed to bring just one major case. But that action could end up overturning a major Administration effort to reduce the cost of entitlement programs; the suit challenges the Social Security Administration's right to discontinue disability payments without first showing that a recipient's medical condition has improved.

Even some supporters of LSC concede that such zeal on behalf of clients has sometimes turned into excessive zeal on behalf of causes. But even some critics argue that the improprieties do not justify the Reagan efforts. Says Gerald Caplan, a law professor at George Washington University who served as LSC's president for six months last year: "A lot of attorneys there deserve credit for working under the most adverse circumstances, which is noble. But they were also some of the most contentious, self-righteous people I've ever met. They need containing, but not dismemberment." —*By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington, with other bureaus*

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"We'd like to tell you why."

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☐ **boy** ☐ **girl** ☐ **either in the area I've checked below.**

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☐ **Africa**	☐ **Chicano (U.S.)**	☐ **Honduras**	☐ **Mexico**
☐ **American Indian**	☐ **Colombia**	☐ **Indonesia**	☐ **Nepal**
☐ **Appalachia (U.S.)**	☐ **Dominican Republic**	☐ **Inner Cities (U.S.)**	☐ **Philippines**
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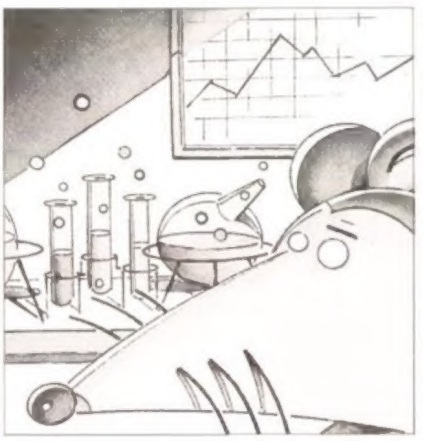
Thinking Animal Thoughts

The dogs would die anyway. They would be strays, caged in shelters, ready to be "put to sleep." The idea was that the Defense Department's new Wound Laboratory would pay about $80 for each dog. When the time came for research to proceed, the dogs would be anesthetized with pentobarbital, suspended in nylon mesh slings and shot with a 9-mm Mauser from a distance of twelve or 15 feet. The dogs would then be carried into a lab, and people studying to be military surgeons would examine the damage and learn something about gunshot wounds, which might some day save human lives on a battlefield.

It is a harsh moral configuration. The Wound Laboratory is perfectly designed to bring on a confrontation between the zealot and the omelet maker (the omelet maker being the one who always insists that you can't make an omelet without breaking a few eggs). The issue is framed exactly: animal life is forfeit to the potential gain of human life. An ironist would point out that the Wound Laboratory would put animals to death in order to perfect the human talent to make war—and that war is humanity's most dramatic bestiality. Inevitably, the idea of the Wound Laboratory received publicity, and it stirred up the fury of what is becoming one of the more aggressive American constituencies. The Defense Department decided that it would not start shooting dogs there until it had studied the question further.



The notion of an Animal Rights Movement can be faintly satirical, especially if it is seen as the *reductio ad absurdum* of other rights movements. It smacks of a slightly cross-eyed fanaticism that might have amused Dickens, of battle-axes who file class-action suits in behalf of canaries. The movement has its truncheon rhetoric. Its ungainly equivalent of racism and sexism is "speciesism." Just as there is the male chauvinist pig, there presumably must be (so to speak) the human chauvinist pig.

But the animal rights issue has developed a peculiar power. Although a candidate running on an animal liberation ticket in 1984 might provoke witticisms about dark horses and fat cats, he or she would receive a respectably serious share of popular sympathy, if not of the popular vote. It is not some revolution that has suddenly come to critical mass, but it is there, a presence.

The situation of animals stirs people in a profound way that is sometimes difficult to explain. Thoreau wrote, "It often happens that a man is more humanely related to a cat or a dog than to any human being." Sometimes the love of animals bespeaks an incapacity for the more complicated business of loving people; mental patients who react to other humans with fear and loathing can develop calm, tender relationships with puppies. Animals are usually perfectly themselves, not the elaborately perverse psychological mysteries that people seem to become. Animals, if not rabid, have a certain emotional reliability. But being on the side of the animals does not always make one a good guy. It is wise, when beginning a discussion of the subject, to remember that Hitler was a vegetarian.

And yet the matter of animals and their claims in the world is morally fascinating. What are animals for? What is the point of animals? To ask such questions is mere speciesism, of course. The human race walks around enveloped in an aura of narcissism that would be laughable to any other animal bright enough to appreciate it. Privileged to possess presumably the highest, undoubtedly the dominant intelligence on the planet, humans assume that the rest of creation was provided for their convenience. But people are not merely predators with a taste for meat. The relationship between humans and animals is deep and primitive and ambiguous, both violent and sometimes deeply loving. People admire some animals, and shoot them precisely because they admire them. They wish to kill the tiger to take on his powers, to kill the deer to feel some deep, strange beauty in the deed, a fatal oneness. People fear some animals and devour others. Human teeth are not designed the way they are in order to eat tofu and alfalfa sprouts, but to tear and grind meat.

One medical theorist, Dr. Paul D. MacLean, has suggested that when a man lies down on a psychiatrist's couch, a horse and a crocodile lie down beside him. People, according to MacLean's theory, have not one but three brains: neomammalian (the human), paleomammalian (the horse) and reptilian (the crocodile). Certain primitive tribesmen make no distinction between human and animal life but assume that all life is roughly the same. It simply takes up residence in different forms, different bodies. Higher cultures do not make that organic assumption; they are haunted by the animal in man, by the idea of animals as their lower nature, the fallen part, the mortal. The clear blue intelligence of civilization, they think, is imprisoned in the same cell, the body, with its Caliban, the brute undermind.

That assumption is a bit of a slander upon the animal kingdom, of course. It arises from an egocentric and spiritually complicated habit of mankind. People use animals not only for food and clothing and scientific experiment and decoration and companionship, but also, most profoundly, for furnishing the human mind with its myths. Victor Hugo wrote, "Animals are nothing but the forms of our virtues and vices, wandering before our eyes, the visible phantoms of our souls." We become those elaborately varied creatures, we take their forms. Odysseus' companions were transformed into swine, but in the metamorphosis, their intelligence remained human, unaffected. In reality, when men are transformed into beasts, for whatever reason (anger, greed, lust, drugs), their intelligence is usually very much affected, for the worse. Unlike Odysseus' men, they keep their human forms but assume the character of beasts.

Animals, being so specifically themselves, so characteristic, have always been a powerful source of metaphor with which to describe human behavior. The lion is courage. The bull is strength. Christian allegory codified creatures and thus abstracted them: the hyena was impurity, the deer was the Christian longing for immortality, the pelican was redemption. Animals inhabit every corner of human fantasy and literature. They come bounding up out of the subconscious like tigers in a child's nightmare. They come in the form of snakes in Eden and albatrosses and white whales and in other forms purely fanciful, like dragons and unicorns.

Human beings sometimes have difficulty seeing animals dispassionately and according them the dignity of an objective existence. Animals tend to be either embodiments of ideas and phantasms or else cellophaned food units. As there is a can of soup, so there is a leg of lamb. The mind does not linger on what the leg of lamb used to be attached to or the messy process by

Illustrations for TIME by Terry Allen

Essay

which it was detached and turned into groceries. The technique, both physically and psychologically, is one of dissociation.

The lamb that owned that leg had life once. The issue of animal rights poses the complicated question of why one life—the lamb's, for example, or that of the dog destined for the Wound Laboratory—should be sacrificed for the nourishment or medical interest of another life, that of a human being. Every year research of one kind or another kills more than 60 million animals, including 161,000 dogs and 47,000 monkeys. Many of them die in the cause of presumably worthy medical study. Animal rights people become more militant when they ask questions about some other experiments: Why should rabbits be killed, for example, by having a new mascara tested on their eyes?

If human beings assume that they were created in the image of God, it is not difficult for them to see the vast and qualitative distance between themselves and the lesser orders of creation. The Bible teaches that man has dominion over the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, the cattle and every creeping thing. Perhaps the rise of the animal rights movement is a symptom of a more secular and self-doubting spirit (although that could not be said of another animal lover, St. Francis of Assisi).

The human difference is known, to some, as the immortal soul, an absolute distinction belonging to man and woman alone, not to the animal. The soul is the human pedigree—and presumably the dispensation to slay and eat any inferior life that crosses the path. But in a secular sense, how is human life different from animal life? Intelligence? Some pygmy chimps and even lesser creatures are as intelligent as, say, a severely retarded child; if it is not permissible to kill a retarded child, why kill the animals? Self-awareness? Some creatures, such as chimpanzees, notice themselves in the mirror; others, such as dogs, do not. Laughter? (Max Eastman said that dogs laugh, but they laugh with their tails.) Conscience? The gift of abstract thought? An institutional memory that permits them to record experience and develop upon it, generation upon generation?

Descartes said that animals are mere "machines." If that is true, dropping a lobster into a pot of boiling water is about the same as dropping in an automobile transmission. The question of how to treat animals, how to think about them, usually revolves around the mystery of what animal consciousness is like. Is it all mere surface, pure eyeball and animal reflex, season and hunger and adrenal spurts of terror or breeding lust, a dumb, brute, oblivious ritual of the genes? Researchers occasionally find disconcerting evidence that animals are capable of unexpected intellectual feats, like the chimps at the Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center at Emory University who are learning a form of language. In any case, it may be risky for human beings to insist too much on the criterion of self-awareness; people are fairly oblivious themselves. Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. If that is true, half the world's population should be suicidal.

But even if the lobster feels no pain in the pot, or the steer is just a dumb brute lumbering into the abattoir, they do have life. The offense against them—if there is one—is not essentially the pain we inflict upon them, but the fact that we deprive them of life. Albert Schweitzer constructed many saintly paragraphs about "reverence for life." He would lift an earthworm from a parched pavement and place it tenderly on the grass; he would work in the stuffy atmosphere of a shuttered room rather than risk the danger that a moth might immolate itself in his lamp.

The rest of the race is not so fastidious. The world has its hierarchy of tooth and claw, that savage orderliness one watched as a child in Disney nature films, all those gulping, disgusting ingestions by which the animal kingdom proceeds on its daily rounds. It is a slaughterous ripping, the hunt and kill, that is also somehow dreamy and abstract. The big fish eat the little fish, and the folks eat the chickens. Various living things are destined to perish in the jaws of others, and the best that our civilization has been able to do is to draw the line at cannibalism. "Nature is no sentimentalist," Emerson wrote. "Providence has a wild, rough, incalculable road to its end, and it is of no use to whitewash its huge, mixed instrumentalities, or to dress up that terrific benefactor in a clean shirt and white neckcloth of a student in divinity." —*By Lance Morrow*

Milestones

BORN. To **Debby Boone,** 27, wholesome pop singer and daughter of Pat Boone, who recorded a 1977 hit single of *You Light Up My Life,* but has not lit up the charts since, and **Gabriel Ferrer,** 26, her manager, son of Actor José Ferrer and Singer Rosemary Clooney; twin girls; in Hollywood.

ENGAGED. Mary Tyler Moore, 45, vibrant television and film actress *(The Mary Tyler Moore Show, Ordinary People);* and Dr. **Robert Levine,** 31, Manhattan cardiologist. The wedding, planned for around Thanksgiving, will be her third, his first.

DIED. Qiao Guanhua, 70, Foreign Minister of the People's Republic of China from 1974-76 who played a crucial role in improving his country's relations with the U.S. before he was dismissed from office for his alleged connections with the purged radical faction, the Gang of Four; of lung cancer; in Peking. A worldly, seasoned diplomat and close ally of the late Premier Chou En-lai, Guanhua, was known for his wide-ranging intelligence and acerbic wit. Because of his ties with Mao Tse-tung's widow, Gang of Four Leader Jiang Qing, Guanhua became one of the highest-ranking officials sidelined by the new government of pragmatists that rose to power after Mao's death in 1976.

DIED. Charles Gombault, 76, impassioned French journalist who, as co-founder, publisher and editor in chief of the mass-circulation afternoon newspaper *France-Soir,* challenged his country's tradition of partisan reportage by encouraging new standards of objective news coverage; following open-heart surgery; in Paris. Gombault, who was associated with many publications during his career, co-founded *France-Soir* in 1945, modeling the daily after American newspapers. "A journalist must remain a witness," he taught young reporters, "and resist the temptation to be at the same time an actor."

DIED. John Upton, 84, obstetrician-gynecologist whose interest in transfusions led him in 1940 to design a portable transfusion kit used by the military during World War II to treat thousands of U.S. and British wounded, and in 1941 to co-found the first U.S. nonprofit community blood bank, the Irwin Memorial, which served as a central supplier of blood and plasma to all hospitals in San Francisco; of a heart attack; in San Francisco.

DIED. LeRoy Prinz, 88, movie choreographer who staged athletic, high-kicking dance routines in such classics as *Yankee Doodle Dandy* and *South Pacific;* in Hollywood. A renowned raconteur who often told of his youthful adventures as a soldier in the French Foreign Legion and as entertainment coordinator for Al Capone's nightclubs, Prinz once declared: "The public thinks that a dancing master is a flighty individual with a handkerchief in his sleeve and a set of taps on his shoes. I'd rather you called me Butch."

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The design of the doors.

Thunderbird's doors curve into the roof. This smooths and quiets the airflow, improving aerodynamic efficiency.

The design of the rear.

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